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Original Poetry.

MES ILLUSIONS.

I.

Peace! skeptic, peace! Your heartless words
Fall on my soul like ice;
Why will men at all sacred things
Nibble and gnaw like mice?
Grant it, my life is but a dream;
But if the dream be fair,
Why cloud it? "Seek some other theme,
And my illusions spare.

II.

I know that I'm no longer young,
Why, then, disturb my past?
Why taunt me with the stale old song,
That pleasures never last?
Why preach to me the grave's the goal
Of joy as well as care?
My heart says not; then go, my friend,
And my illusions spare.

III.

The world, you say, the same old round
Has gone since it was young,
That bad men thrive, and good men fail,
And saints are often hung;
What then? *You* are not hung as yet,
So hope for better fare,
And while you still the gallows cheat,
Pray my illusions spare.

IV.

You think mankind no wiser now
Than centuries ago;
Perhaps; but must we reason, then,
That *you* no wiser grow?
If so, then vent your scornful wrath,
And at your fortune swear,
But leave me to my simple faith,
And my illusions spare.

V.

I see around me nought but growth,
And yonder wakening sky
Looks down upon the teeming earth
With sweet approving eye.
Your curse,—you'll learn the truth one day,—
Is but inverted prayer:
You damn yourself; well, damn away,
But my illusions spare.

H. C., Jr.

THE BALLAD OF THREE LITTLE SOULS.

BY JULIETTE H. BEACH.

Three children played one Summer day,
At sunset, by the ebbing sea,
And moored within the shining bay,
A painted boat rocked lazily.

With prattle full of baby-lore,
And bits of song that told their glee,
They clambered in, and from the shore
The boat went drifting out to sea.

"Mother!" the cry came faint and far.—
Beneath the swiftly darkening skies,
They saw the home-light, like a star,
And shoreward gazed with wistful eyes.

Their mother, on the toy-strewn shore
Stood, 'mid the prints of little feet,
And with white lips, but weak no more,
Sent words of peace, and blessings sweet,

"Pray, darlings!" and with clasped hands,
And fear and faith blent in her tones,
She knelt upon the foot-marked sands,
Whispering "Dear Christ! Thy little ones!"

Three little heads, together bent,
Strove on her form their eyes to keep;—
She knew their voices, softly blent,
Said "Now I lay me down to sleep"—

And so they passed from mortal sight—
But in the billows faintly borne,
She heard "O mother sweet! good night!"
From the dear lips of her first born.

Then rising, wan and tearless-eyed,
She said, "Lord, praises be to Thee!
For these white souls shall never ride,
Storm-tossed and vext, life's treacherous sea!"

And when at midnight came the sound
Of searchers rowing mournfully,
And pale lips said "the boat is found,
And—this, that floated on the sea!",

She took the little well-worn hat,
Kissed it, and laid it on her breast,
And when her silence fears begat,
Friends softly said, "she is at rest."

Albion, N. Y.

NEVER DO TOO MUCH AT A TIME.—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in a lecture recently delivered in England, gave the following history of his literary habits:

Many persons seeing me so much engaged in active life, and as much about the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me, "When do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?" I shall surprise you by the answer I make. The answer is this: "I contrive to do so much by never doing too much at a time. A man, to get through work well, must not overwork himself; or, if he do too much to-day, the reaction of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do too little to-morrow.

Now, since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left college, and was actually in the world, I may perhaps say that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have travelled much, and I have seen much; I have mixed much in politics, and the various business of life; and in addition to all this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring much research. And what time do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study—to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But then, during those hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about.

— A correspondent of the *Tribune* mentions, as one of the things which disturbed the pleasure of the Commencement at Harvard College, an unfortunate allusion by one of the boys, when he "spoke his piece," to the "contemptible articles in the New York *Ledger*," which the youngster contrasted with the elegant literature of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Everett, who was on the platform, found it convenient, at that moment, to be "looking the other way."

MY FRIEND JOE BLITHEBYE.

BY A. F. BANKS.

He is not rich; has just enough, backed by an honest will, to fight the wolf away from his door; but his whole system is so besown with the seed of happiness, that it bursts into merry bloom beneath the slightest ray of worldly sunshine.

He is a great fellow, is Joe Blithebye. He will get up from an Irish stew, washed down by a glass of ale, exclaiming: "A dinner fit for the gods—a dinner fit for the gods, sir!" And he says it, too, evidently under the conviction that had the gods shared his dinner, and not his enthusiasm, he would have experienced a heterodox felicity in kicking them.

He always dresses in a becoming, cheap, and cleanly manner, occasionally indulging in a quiet row about his shirts—his only wardrobian vanity. But he is a great admirer of elaborately well-dressed people. He often nudges my arm in Broadway, saying: "By Jove! isn't that fellow well got up, eh? He deserves to have money; he knows how to spend it." Or—"By Jove, sir! look at those horses; isn't that a handsome turn-out, eh?" And his eulogium is hearty, and unadulterated by any feeling of envy. "He has enough, hasn't he?" he triumphantly asks, and regards all the finery around him as a show got up for his especial delectation. "Why, sir," he often says, "half of 'em ar'n't one-tenth as jolly as you or me. Each has his own way of being happy; for my part, I like a quiet tod and chat with a fellow who loves me."

Every now and then, however, he goes off on a bit of a castle-building expedition.

"Hang it," he will say, "this would be a decentish sort of a world, if a fellow had but a big lump of money, wouldn't it? Now, there's Rome, that they talk so much about; a fellow ought to see Rome before he turns up his toes—oughtn't he? London's a place a fellow ought to have six months, or so, in; Paris, too, by all means. Now, there's a heap of folks up-town yonder, who trot off there year after year; I don't see that they are a bit better than we are, eh? Everybody seems to get off to Saratoga; I can't find the dimes to go. Lord bless you, sir, there's a thousand places and things a fellow ought to see and do before the undertaker gets a job out of him. I should like to try your ten-dollar-a-day living for a spell, just to see how a fellow feels under it. It wouldn't do a fellow's general health any harm, to have a horse of his own, either; I'm deucedly fond of a ride. I'm rather fond of a sail, too; think I could manage to handle a yacht easy enough. Just imagine going off like those Lord-chaps on a two years' cruise all over, eh? I read about their going to Ceylon; now, every fellow who is fond of hot-spiced rum ought to go there; glowing descriptions are all well enough as far as they go; but they're confounded unsatisfactory—they can't print the aroma! Ah! it's a fine thing to have money enough to go—like a wild pigeon—just where you like. Hang the money!"

"There is one thing I should particularly like to see," said I, interrupting him; "and that is, a court-ball at the Tuileries or St. James's, with all the [illegible] folks in full rig."

"By Jove! sir, yes!" enthusiastically coincided Joe, "*that is* a thing a fellow ought decidedly to see; and I don't see why we shouldn't; if it wasn't for such fellows as you and me paying taxes and occasionally doing a bit of fighting, where would all these fine birds be, eh? Brought down, I reckon. I don't want to hob-nob with 'em. I dare say there's a lot of jolly good sort of people among 'em—small blame to 'em either, for they've always had comfort enough around 'em to make them kind and amiable—but they and us have been brought up differently, and we shouldn't get on well together. In fact, I feel a darned sight more comfortable having a quiet smoke and tod with you; but I should like, just once, for curiosity's sake, to mix up with 'em, to see how the thing is got up, and if they really are good solid chunks of flesh and blood like ourselves. But of course we'll never get the chance; their aristocratic noses would all turn into pugs at the sight of us."

"Well, it is of no use our bothering ourselves about it, old fellow," said I; "the Lord has given us our place, I suppose, and we must be contented."

"But I *will* bother myself," he retorted warmly. "I don't believe the Lord had anything to do with their bank-book or my wallet. I'll endeavor to do my duty in that state of life to which it has pleased Fate to kick me, but I *won't* be contented."

"But what can we do?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know what *you* can do, but I know what *I* intend to do—and by Jove! sir, *will* do."

"What, Joe?"

"Oh! *I'll* strike out something or other to make a pile, *I* will. And by Jove, If I can't make it fairly, I'll make it unfairly. I'm not going to toil, and toil, to the brink of the grave, while other folks are having all the fun. Not I, sir. I've gone on in this dog-trot sort of a way just about long enough, and so have you."

"Well," said I, "I am getting rather tired of it. I feel savage sometimes."

"Reason to," snarled Joe.

"And yet, after all," I went on to say, "when we think of it, we are considerably more comfortably off than hundreds we know, and millions that we don't know."

"That *is* a fact," coincided Joe, in a much milder tone.

"We have, thank God," I continued, "a good roof over our head, and are never short of a wholesome bellyful. We have a decent coat to our backs, and an extra tod and a pipe, every now and then, does not ruin us; moreover, we can manage to raise a V once in a way when the elephant comes round. There's many a thousand in New York who would be right well contented if they were in our position."

"So they ought to be," retorted Joe, enthusiastically, going off on directly the opposite tack. "Poor devils, I don't know how *they* stand it, though. There'll be a deuce of a row some day or other, take my word for it. No; after all, *we* have no right to complain. I don't know but what it would be a bore to have everything you wanted ready to your hand. I know I should soon get tired of your fashionable business, although I dare say that those who are regularly brought up to it, manage to dawdle through a life pretty well in it. However, *I* wasn't educated in that school, and I relish a bit of out-of-the-way extravagance every now and then, as I can afford it, much better than if I was always at it—at least I fancy so. Your big folks, who pay heaven knows how much to keep up an Italian Opera, haven't, I don't really believe, half as good a time of it as we have when we can spare 50 cents to go to Wallack's, Laura Keene's, or even 25 cents for the gallery. And just bear in mind, old fellow, that fortnight holiday of ours last year"—

"Ah!" I interrupted, "hadn't we a time of it, and didn't we do it on the cheap?"

"Lord bless you," proceeded Joe, "your rich folks who go a touring it in state, hadn't half as jolly a time as we had; do you remember that thirty-two-mile day we had?"

"Don't I!"

"Didn't we pitch into those steaks, eh? your rich folks don't get up much better appetites than that, eh?" And the remembrance of those steaks made Joe's lips smack instinctively.

"Any how," he continued, "we have our Sundays—they can't chizzle us out of *that* in spite of the psalm-singing teeth; and a fellow who's working all the week looks upon Sunday as a school-lad does on a holiday. I should have no fun on Sunday if every day was a holiday. I should be reduced to the absolute necessity of a pew in Grace church. Who ever heard of a clerk or a sewing-girl dying of *ennui*, eh? I don't think we shall ever be much troubled with that disorder." And Joe went off in one of his old guffaws.

"And again; I don't see but what I'm just as well off as the best of 'em. For 50 cents I can go into the Dusseldorf every day, and have the run of a finer set of pictures than the wealthiest man here can possess; they're just as much mine as far as looking at 'em and admiring 'em goes, as though I'd paid a million for them, arn't they? And somebody else has to pay the Fire Insurance. Doesn't Williams & Stevens, and Goupil, take extraordinary pains in arraying their best prints in their windows every morning, for my especial delight—at all events, I choose to think so, and you can think the same if you're a philosopher. Here's those *Punch* fellows, and those chaps in the *Illustrated London News*, working their heads to make me laugh and wonder, for the small trifle of a quarter or so a week; and there's a fellow at this very moment fattening a turkey or something of the sort for my particular eating. Haven't I got an estate, too? By Jove, sir! talk of your English Parks! I should like to see the Lord there who can begin to compare estates with mine. Just look at Hoboken!—and that's only an odd corner of it; and it's all mine for sixpence—just as much as if I'd paid down for every square foot of it, isn't it? Haven't I got a gorgeous bit up about West Point, eh? If all those superb views ar'n't mine, I should like to know whose they are—that's all. There's Niagara Falls for you! Just show me an estate with anything like that on it. To be sure it costs money to get there, but a daily segar and tod less for a year does the trick, and I know which is most satisfactory; we ought to go there next month, if you can manage to get your holiday when I get mine. Yes sir, everything that is wonderful, ingenious, and beautiful, is mine. The steam-engine was invented purposely to carry me over my estate; that fellow, what's his name, learned to walk head downwards on the ceiling just to astonish me; Bennett, Greeley, and Raymond work away like good disinterested souls as they are, at hours when all honest people ought to be in bed, in order that I may know in the morning what everybody, everywhere, have been doing for the last four-and-twenty hours; and a precious row they kick up too, if their messenger doesn't bring me the news by eight o'clock in the morning. It rains and it shines to coax my particular corn-patch (somewhere) into my particular loaf; now, the water gives me a special invitation to bathe, and now it says, as plainly as it can, 'come along old fel' and have a jolly skate;' the stars twinkle, the birds sing, the flowers bloom, and there will be an eclipse and a comet set up before long, expressly for me. In fact, sir, I'm a feudal Lord; I have the entire world working for me; and the Almighty has endowed me with strength and health to enjoy the manifold wonders and blessings which are around me, by means of honest labor. Talk of your retired 'millionaires,' why, I know a lot of them who spend more time, and suffer more anxiety in swelling the interest of their principal, than they did in accumulating that principal. That's the way to look at it, sir."

"Yes, but," said I, "supposing sickness should come, Joe."

"Let it come," said Joe. "I'm prepared. You don't think I'm such a confounded donkey as to spend *all* I make. Look you here." (Joe opened a desk and showed me a small Savings Bank book, with $422 89 to his credit.)

"That's the idea!" said he. "Don't imagine that I'm going to get sick, or old, or out of a situation, with nothing to fall back on, eh? I and somebody or other, might, sometime or other, take a foolish fancy of handing down the respectable name of Blithebye to remote generations, and that would start the projectors of the idea, with the fundamental requisites of a bed and a fryingpan. Anyhow, I don't see the fun of having to overwork myself when I get grey-headed. No—sir-ree! I've got a good hat and coat, and I should be a fool not to invest a dollar or two in an umbrella for a rainy day."

"Certainly," I chimed in.

"The great thing is," continued Joe, "to be contented when you have fair moderate comforts around you; in fact, to be jovial, and 'make the most of it,' and not quarrel with and turn up your nose at a mug of good brown ale, because you happen to know some one who washes down his roast beef with champagne. This trying to better our condition is a glorious thing, a great incentive to human progress. To 'rise in life,' is, in fact, a natural instinct: what dog, sir, will lie on the floor so long as there's a sofa in the room, eh? And if we do but rise by honest, manly means, and not rasp and contract our hearts in the climbing, the extra comforts we obtain don't make us any the worse men, in spite of hungry philosophers. (I don't suppose we should become very 'horrid monsters' if we did become very rich, eh?) But, because we don't happen to succeed to the full extent that our vanity, as much as anything else, tells us we ought to succeed, all, who can command a fair living, are a set of pusillanimous snivellers, or bad-hearted cubs, who allow the superior success of their neighbor to embitter their souls. However, such fellows only have apologies for souls."

"But what," I asked, "when one has not the absolute necessaries, much less the comforts of existence—and there are thousands in that position."

"Ah!" replied Joe sorrowfully, "I know it is so. I know it is so. And the knowledge tends more than anything else to make me contented with my lot. But there's something or other wrong in the mechanism of society; and society pays the penalty fearfully. Robbery, murder, deceit, it's a terrible list."

"Will it ever be mended?" I asked.

"I think so," was the thoughtful reply.

"How?"

"Ah! that's another affair," said Joe. "Its getting late, old fellow; light a segar and bolt. Buttoning up my coat, I wished Joe "good night," and bolted.

I like Joe. He is a good and a merry fellow. He walks boldly and manfully through life, not twisting and crawling through it. He has no envy. And although he occasionally fancies that it would be a fine thing to be rich, and gets for a moment very fierce because he is not, I am thoroughly convinced that, were he suddenly to become possessed of untold wealth, the immediate use he would make of it would be to render everybody as comfortable as himself. The little good that he can do he does willingly and judiciously, and if ever he does take the trouble to come to some clear idea respecting social improvement, I shall forward his views thereon to you for consideration.

Well, God bless him, and all like him: and there are, thank heaven, plenty of Joe Blithebyes around us. I dare bet that you, reader, are one; if not, I advise you to pluck up heart and "jine;" its a goodly order, and highly promotive of digestion. As Joe himself often hilariously demands particularly to know, What the deuce have I got to do with dyspepsia?

THE SEWING-MACHINE.

BY A CONNECTICUT YANKEE.

"Good one! Don't say so! Which did you get?
One of the kind to open and shut?
Own it, or hire it? How much did you pay?
Does it go with a crank or a treadle? Say.
I'm a single man, and somewhat green,
Tell me about your sewing-machine."

"Listen, my boy, and hear all about it—
I don't know what I should do without it,
I've owned one now for more than a year,
And like it so well I call it 'my dear.'
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
This wonderful family sewing-machine.

It's none of your angular Singer things,
With steel-shod beak and cast-iron wings;
Its work would bother a hundred of his,
And is worth a thousand! Indeed it is;
And has a way—you needn't stare—
Of combing and braiding its own black hair!

Mine is not one of those stupid affairs
That stands in a corner with what-nots and chairs,
And makes that dismal headachy noise,
Which all the comfort of sewing destroys,
No rigid contrivance of lumber and steel,
But one with a natural spring in the heel.

Mine is one of the kind to love,
And wear a shawl and a soft kid glove;
Has the merriest eyes and a dainty foot,
And sports the charmingest gaiter-boot,
And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons, and loops,
With an indefinite number of hoops.

None of your patent machines for me,
Unless Dame Nature's the patentee!
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk;
That will do whatever the owner may choose,
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screws!

One that can dance, and—possibly—flirt;
And make a pudding as well as a shirt—
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the housewife, lady, or witch—
Ready to give the sagest advice,
Or do up your collar and things so nice.

What do you think of my machine?
Aint it the best that ever was seen?
'Tisn't a clumsy, mechanical toy,
But flesh and blood! Hear that, my boy,
With a turn for gossip, and household affairs,
Which include, you know, the sewing of tears.

Tut, tut—don't talk. I see it all—
You needn't keep winking so hard at the wall;
I know what your fidgety fumblings mean,
Would you like, yourself, a sewing-machine?
Well, get one, then—of the same design—
There was plenty left when I got mine."

BAYARD TAYLOR ON HUMBOLDT.

"Messrs. Rudd & Carleton of this city are about to issue a carefully-prepared life of ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT, to which the following introduction by Mr. Bayard Taylor is prefixed:

"A biography of ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, which shall contain a full and conscientious account of his life and labors, written in a style sufficiently clear and untechnical to meet the popular tastes, has long been a necessity in our literature. Those biographies which are already in existence do not possess this character: they are rather chronicles of his achievements in the various departments of natural science, than stories of [illegible] almost unexampled for its wealth of experience, its labors, and successes. The [illegible] Humboldt,' by Klencke, which has been translated into English, is very fragmentary in this respect; it passes over unnoticed many episodes in the life of Alexander von Humboldt, which are of great interest to the general reader. In fact, it has only been in the closing years of his life that the excellences of his character, *as a man*, apart from his distinction as a *savan*, have received full and general acknowledgment.

"No task could have been pleasanter to me than that of attempting to bring home to the familiar acquaintance of the great reading public of the United States the history of the great man with whose friendship I was honored; and, as the literary labors I had already on hand prevented me from undertaking such a work, it is all the more gratifying to me to know that it has been faithfully and conscientiously done by one every way capable of the performance. Having examined the biography which follows, I can testify to its exactness and completeness, and therefore—though the subject of the book is its own sufficient recommendation—cordially accede to the request of the author, that I should add a few words of introduction, embodying my own impressions of Humboldt's character.

"When I first saw him he was in his eighty-eighth year, but, except in the bowed head and slow step, showed scarcely any signs of bodily decay. A portrait, painted nearly forty years before, at which time his hair was already gray, showed that time had occasioned but little change in his appearence, while its only effect upon his mind was, perhaps, a lack of that power of concentration which enabled him to master so many various departments of natural science. He was still every inch a king, with no faculty appreciably dulled, no sympathy blunted, no hope for the increase of human knowledge or generous aspiration for the good of his kind less earnest than in his prime of life. A year later, I found him broken, indeed, in bodily health, yet still capable of sixteen hours of continuous mental labor; and his last letter to me, written but a short time before his death, betrayed no sign of failing faculties, though the hand which traced it was evidently weak and trembling.

"In the castle at Tegel, where he was born, and in the park in which he now sleeps beside his brother, hangs a portrait of him, painted at the age of 85. He is there represented as a man of rather less than the medium stature, but firmly and symmetrically built, with a full, keen, ardent face, firm lips, clear blue eyes, and thick locks of chestnut hair, clustering about his square, massive brow. He wears a green coat, knee-breeches, and a heavy cloak lined with red. He is represented as leaning against a rock on a slope of the Andes, the snowy dome of Chimborazo filling up the background of the picture. In comparing this picture with his living presence, I found that the shoulders had stooped, leaving the head bent forward, as if weighed down by the burden of its universal knowledge; the hair had grown snow-white, and somewhat thinner; the mouth had lost its clear, sharp outline, and the eager, energetic expression of the face was gone; but the blue eyes were as serene and youthful as ever, and the skin as fair, smooth, and ruddy, almost, as that of a young man.

"The first impression produced by Humboldt's face was that of its thorough humanity. The blood which fed his restless brain never weakened the pulsations of his human heart. Beneath that devotion to science, which he illustrated by the labors of 75 years, burned steadily and unwaveringly the flame of sympathy for his kind. Probably no man who ever lived has given aid and encouragement to so great a number of aspiring and deserving men. I know instances of persons in humble life having sought his assistance for themselves or their friends, and in no case was it refused. The applicants returned from the interview cheered, inspired, and full of affectionate veneration for the man who, in the midst of his immense labors, could yet give an hour to themselves and their plans. No rational appeal to him was ever slighted, and the vast influence which he possessed, in his later years, was always exerted in the behalf of science and her earnest votaries.

"Jealousy of his fellow laborers formed no part of his nature. His enthusiasm was too pure and ardent to be alloyed by any personal consideration. Not his own fame—not his supremacy as an observer or a theoriser—but the advancement of human knowledge, the discovery of grand general laws—the footsteps of God in the creation—was his aim, and his ambition. What he has done is not to be measured by his own individual achievements; the generous impulse which he has given to others cannot be estimated. The vast results which have followed scientific research, since the commencement of this century, were initiated by his example; he pointed out to others the tracks which he could not himself follow, and, even when acknowledged as a leader, never hesitated to labor with the humblest. In this respect, his character presents an almost ideal excellence.

"The lesson of Humboldt's life is not without its special significance at the present day, when the thirst for wealth, and place, and power, seems hotter and fiercer than ever. With the advantages of his birth and inherited position, many paths of advancement were opened to him, but he disdained them all, sacrificing everything to his love of knowledge, until finally, in his old age, honors such as no statesman ever won were laid as voluntary offerings at his feet. The indifference with which he regarded them, showed how little such rewards had entered into his plan of life. Yet, though the acknowledged equal of kings, he was never seduced by the splendors of courts to forget his character as a man whose sympathies were with the people rather than their rulers. So well were his political predilections understood among the monarchs who called him friend, that at the Congress of Verona, of which he was a member, when he proposed some temporary measure which had an arbitrary character, the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia, turning to him, said in a tone of mock reproach: 'And is it you, arch-Republican as you are, who propose this despotic measure?' This incident was related to me by Humboldt himself, during my last interview with him. One can therefore understand the depth of that esteem felt for him by the present demented king of Prussia, when the latter introduced Humboldt to the Emperor Frans Joseph of Austria, at Prague, some four or five years ago. His jesuitical majesty asked: 'Who is the Baron Von Humboldt, that you present him to me with so much *empressement?* I have never heard of him!' 'Not heard of him!' exclaimed the king, in honest amazement; 'why, he is the greatest man since the Deluge!'

"Humboldt's large fortune was wholly expended in the prosecution of his travels and the publication of his works, and during the latter years of his life he was entirely dependent upon his diplomatic pension, and the copyright of his 'Kosmos.' To my friend Heine, the artist, he sent his own copy (the original edition) of his '*Vues des Cordillères*,' containing some of his marginal notes. On learning that the same gentleman had been obliged to go to America through his connection with the events of 1848, he prevailed upon the King of Prussia to grant him the Order of the Red Eagle—through which recognition the obstacles [illegible] removed. This is but one instance of the many acts of kindness on his part, with which I have become acquainted.

"His mind was so admirably balanced—his development was so various, and yet so complete in every department of science—that his true greatness is not so apparent as in the case of those who have risen to eminence by devoting themselves to some special study. Perfect symmetry never produces the effect of vastness. It is only by studying the details that we comprehend the character of the whole. Humboldt, however, may be termed the father of Physical Geography, and the suggestor, if not the discoverer, of that system of the distribution of plants and animals which opens to our view another field of that Divine Order manifested in the visible world. He strove to grasp those secrets, which, perhaps, no single mind will ever be able to comprehend—the aggregate of the laws which underlie the mysteries of Creation, Growth, and Decay; and though he fell short of the sublime aim, he was at least able to say, like Kepler, when he discovered the mathematical harmonies of the solar system: 'Oh, Almighty God, I think Thy Thoughts after Thee!'

"The record of such a life, even in its external aspects, is pregnant with suggestions. It is a magnificent illustration of true success. A combination of the purest and noblest human character with splendid qualities of the mind is unfortunately rare. Without the former, Humboldt might have achieved the same success in his own personal labors, but he could not have given the same impetus to scientific research in all parts of the world. The satisfaction we feel in contemplating his life arises from its completeness. In him, the heart was the focus of warmth, whence radiated the light of his intellect.

"The portrait which accompanies this volume is copied from a photograph which I obtained from Berlin, and which is a perfect representation of Humboldt, in his eighty-sixth year. BAYARD TAYLOR.

New York, August, 1859.

[From the Knickerbocker for September.]

LITTLE PEDDLINGTON; OTHERWISE CALLED BOSVILLE.

And so called, I suppose, *quasi* "Boswell," because every citizen thereof is his own Boswell,[*] and so, eminently and emphatically his own "Autocrat," seeing autopsically into his own abdomen, and into the interior of his fellow-creatures by no means autoschediastically.[†] There are those who derive the word from "bos," signifying a master, because every inhabitant of the city is a Master of Arts, except the women and children, and has received a neat sheepskin from the neighboring University of Oxbridge; which is connected with Bosville by the *Pons Asinorum*, a horse-railroad (so-called in Bosville), and a stage and two—so that the literary facilities of the city are very complete.[‡] The name of "Little Peddlington" is never used by the natives, as anything *little* is supposed to be necessarily *low*; whereas Bosville is not only a city set upon a hill, but upon three hills; this being, however, four less than Rome could boast, and the only endowment in which Bosville is inferior to the Eternal—city, we mean, of course.

As an urbane settlement, Bosville is uncommonly rustic, which fact is by some authorities attributed to the use of beans and brown-bread by the inhabitants.[§] This diet, however, is varied by the avidity with which the inhabitants devour the codfish (*Oniscus Salitus*), which is caught in great numbers by the hardy seamen of the *Lacus Ranæ*, a great inland sea, stretching for more than a quarter of a mile through the *Ager Compascuus*. This territory extends from the *Templum Viverii Vici* on the North, to the uncultivated regions of the Public Garden.[‖] The rustic character of the inhabitants has led to the constant performance, by day and by night, of the Pastoral Symphony of L. V. Beethoven, whenever the necessary number of fiddlers can be obtained. Walking through the quiet and secluded streets of Bosville, we may imagine an enraptured citizen of that hamlet exclaiming, in the language of Erasmus: "*Cum omnia nunc vernent, et rideant in agris, demiror esse qui fumosis urbibus delectantur.*" Who would not, like Cowley, seek such a retreat, "where no more business nor cares of life could come near him," and where he might still associate with the wisest, most learned, most virtuous, most polished, most sweet-souled, most civilised of men?[¶]

For it must be understood, that if there are found the joys of rustic life, there too are to be observed the triumphs of art;[**] the fascinations of the drama;[††] the pleasures of society;[‡‡] the myriad graces and weighty profit of good conversation[§§] the finest, most flourishing, most virtuous, enterprising, witty, sarcastic, and best-printed newspaper;[‖‖] the bravest and most chivalrous militia.

[*To be concluded next week.*]

—GEN. TAYLOR'S "all the world and the rest of mankind" is memorable, but Mr. Buchanan matched it in his speech in North Carolina, when he said: "I do believe that mankind, as well as the people of the United States, are interested in the preservation of the Union."

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[*] *Vid. op. Doct. Dulc. Dom. in Athen. Apothec. Manuf. Lit. Art. et Rob. Docet. Num.* i—xii. et q. s. (D.V.) *in sec. secula. appel.* "*Jester. Tyrannus.*" *Angl.* "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." *Hac. i. c. Taurus castratus. Vid.* "Tris. Shand." iii. "Obadiah's Bull," *pro gravitate tang. sed. tempt. Sic Ov. Met.* i. 76:

"*Sanctius his animal, mentis que capacius altæ Deerat adhuc.*"

Ovid animal. subj. Mat. Bosvillian *his signif.*

"A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet; Bosvillians were designed."—DRYDEN.

[†] This word will appear in *The New Bosville Dictionary*. This will contain 1,228,876 new words, not found in any other dictionary. An application to SHAW, C.J., for an injunction against the book, upon grounds of public policy and in accordance with his recent rulings in regard to nuisances, was fruitless; but the learned Justice expressed grave regret at his limited powers, and a trust that the volume might be kept from the young gentlemen of the bar.

[‡] Among these may be mentioned the remains of the Alexandrian Library, and the private collections of several eminent dealers in codfish, who have signified their intention of bestowing upon the city their account-books—both those kept by double and those kept by single-entry—whenever buildings—fire-proof, and not less than two stories in height—have been provided for their reception.

[§] Those who are curious in dietary philosophy will notice that the inhabitants (while they abstain to a certain extent from flesh, in accordance with the teachings of PYTHAGORAS, who was born at Samos, but—such is the salubrity of the atmosphere—is still living in Bosville at a very advanced age) disregard altogether the precepts of the philospher concerning beans. These were introduced A.U.C. 200, by the eruditus SYLVESTER GRAHAM, who, while he adhered to the Grecian in respect of pork, rejected his anti-leguminous theory. Beans, which are invariably eaten upon Sunday, have imparted, it is supposed, a peculiar ventosity to the theological literature of Bosville.

[‖] The beauties of this delightful region, which no writer can describe, or will attempt to describe, unless he was born upon its margin, have led many Bosville commentators to infer that it was originally the Garden of Eden, and that the venerable tree in the centre is the original Tree of Knowledge; which would account for the great learning of Bosville at the present day. But there are reasons for cautiously receiving this theory. It is stated that the "river went out of Eden to water the garden." (Gen. ii. 10.) Now the pond does not, at least at the present time, go out of the Common to water the public garden, which does not need watering, because there is nothing growing in it. So the river in Eden "had four heads," which would be a large allowance for even a Bosville stream, however sage. On the whole, we must reject these speculations as hopeless, however flattering to Bosville pride.

[¶] I must, however, in justice to populous cities, quote Dr. Spratt's comment upon Cowley's resolution of retirement. 'I cannot,' says the Doctor, 'applaud it in him. This ought never to be allowed to good men, unless the bad had the same moderation and were willing to follow him into the wilderness.'—*Life of Cowley.*

[**] The passion for statuary which was exhibited by Lord Timothy Dexter, is also found to exist in Bosville. The brass image of Franklin in Court street is already erect. Between two and three hundred others, including those of about one-tenth of the distinguished men who have died in Bosville during the half year last past, are projected, each of which will [illegible] till they know—and something more—at the christenings. Care will be taken to have these images indelibly inscribed, in order that future antiquarians may not be anxiously perplexed. In painting, we need but refer to the Asineum Collection, in which will be found the masterpieces of the following artists:

1. Michael Angelo,
2. And. del Sarto,
3. Correggio,
4. Poussin,
5. Cuyp,
6. Reynolds,
7. Landseer,
8. Raphael,
9. Caravaggio,
10. Titian,
11. Salvator Rosa,
12. Adrian Brauwer,
13. Martin,
14. Wilson,
15. Leonardo da Vinci,
16. Rembrandt,
17. Vandyke,
18. Murillo,
19. A. Kauffman,
20. Turner,
21. Gainsborough,

together with the chief productions of J. Tompkins Smith, of Bosville, for whom the ladies held a fancy fair, and who will draw in Italy—for the proceeds thereof. It is in contemplation to add to this Gallery the collection of the Pope whenever the money can be obtained.

[††] Among these must be reckoned the pleasure with which the lion-hearted manager of the Bosville Theatre finds himself once in a year, if not oftener, with his pocket emptied by his devotion to Thalia and her sad sister, and the other goddess—whatever may be her name—who presides over the original plays produced by him, and translated from the French to the English of New York, and thence into the Bosville dialect. Here, for the first time since it was played in London under the eye of the author, was produced the beautiful drama by W. Shakespeare, Esq., called *The Tempest*. The following pecuniary statistics illustrating this noble reproduction, have been purchased by the present commentator, of the Treasurer of the Theatre:

COST OF REPRODUCTION OF 'THE TEMPEST.'

DR.	
By new hide for Caliban	
Three pots of green paint for scenery	$4 00
Shortening Ariel's tunics by request of the Press	1 50
Elongating " " " " " Clergy	1 50
Bottle with real rum for Stephano	1 00
Extra thunder and thunderer	1 00
" blue fire	50
" fife for Orchestra	1 00
Man to play it	2 50
	$14 00
CR.	
By receipts for twelve nights	12 00
Profits	$2 00

Out of this the manager ran in debt for rent, gas, advertising, and extra beer for the company, to the amount of $1250, leaving a net profit which it is impossible to compute.

[‡‡] It was at a very early period in its history that Tibullus asked, in speaking of Bosville, '*Dulcius urbe quid est?*' referring, in using '*urbe*,' less to the magnitude of the town than to the extreme polish of the inhabitants. Dr. Peck, P.D. Harv., will have it that the passage should read '*Dulcius Herba* (that is, Col. G——, *of the Bosville Pillar*) *quid est?*' I think, however, that the reference is plainly to the city itself; and this is rendered more probable by another passage of the same poet, namely, '*In solis sis tibi turba locis*,' in which there is an unmistakable allusion to Bosville. So Montaigne, who was certainly speaking of Bosville, says: 'Let us not, then, fear in this solitude to languish in an uncomfortable vacancy of thought.' If the fear was needless in the time of Montaigne, it is surely so now, thought being the principal commodity of Bosville—the production too large for domestic consumption and the exportation considerable and constant. This alone can explain the proclivity of clever men to leave the hamlet for less favored parts of the country. There is, in fact, a glut of genius. Prudence is, in Bosville, a prominent characteristic of the general mind. Hence a distinguished traveller has remarked: 'When a Bosvillian gets into the predicament of asking himself what he shall say, he says nothing.' This banishes empty garrulity. Hence, too, the exhilarating and eminent gravity so often accorded to them by themselves, and the exhibition of which is especially to be noticed upon festive occasions. Hence, too, the expression 'awful mirth,' applied to their feasts by Dr. I. Watts—nothing seeming to provoke them into an approximation to joviality except the obsequies of their great ones, who are the most considerable of mankind while living, and instantly 'hoary seers of ages past' when dead; this complimentary allusion having been made to them by the author of 'Thanatopsis.'

[§§] This is of a solid, serious class, exhibiting, to use the language of Cumberland in his Apology for his 'Henry,' 'virtue triumphant over the most tempting allurements.' The rule of Mr. Adam Smith, 'never to talk of what he understood,' is here commonly adopted and easily adhered to. The literary conversation is generally of Plato, Plotinus, Leibnitz, Descartes, Locke, Kant, Cousin, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, and other great but as yet unknown philosophers. It is always finely funereal. Nothing is more common in Bosville, than to hear a young woman hardly arrived at a marriageable age, or an elder sister, who may long ago have passed it, both having fed freely upon ancient files of '*The Dial*,' prattling prettily enough of 'objectivity,' 'subjectivity,' 'pure reason,' and the like. Some years ago, talking matches or passages at palaver were quite common, but have now been superseded by chess-dinners and base-ball clubs. At the first mentioned, it is not necessary to know anything of the game, all that is required being proficiency in eating as if you never ate before, of drinking as if you never expected to drink again, and of talking as if you could give Morphy the odds of all your pawns and three of your knights, and then checkmate him.

[‖‖] No newspapers equal to those published in Bosville have been compiled since the *Acta Diurna* of the Romans. They are remarkable for minuteness, accuracy, invective, and wood-cuts. Nothing, however insignificant, escapes their notice, and as a rule, the more insignificant the event the larger notice it receives, it being not uncommon to find a space not inconsiderable devoted to the fact that Mrs. Jones's cat has kittened, and that Mrs. Smith's favorite poodle is missing. The modesty of the editors of these sheets has been alluded to by 'Squire Tupper, A.M., Christ Church Oxon., who says:

'Use meekness with discretion, casting not pearls before swine.'

There are, however, exceptions to this rule. Thus we find that one of these journals announces itself as 'a first-class paper,' upon which *The Daily Dwarf* retorts in the sarcastic language of the poet:

'Self-praise
Goes but little ways.'

This does not by any means floor the respectable paper alluded to, for it immediately pays itself the following neat compliments:

1. We are, 'larger-sized.'
2. We are conducted with care.
3. Our type is new.
4. Our standard is high.
5. We are fresh and accurate.
6. We are copious.
7. We write ourselves.
8. We are perfect.

Upon this *The Daily Dwarf* retorts:

1. We are low (for cash).
2. Our press cost money.
3. D—— the expense!
4. We have the largest circulation.
5. We are alive.
6. We have faithful carriers.
7. We are printed night and morning.
8. We are printed daily and weekly.

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The steamer MINNEHAHA, CAPTAIN GALE, will commence her regular trips, in connection with the steamers on Lake Champlain, and Railroad to Saratoga, on the first day of June.

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The N. Y. Saturday Press.
HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor
NEW YORK, AUGUST 20, 1859.

NOTICE.

We take pleasure in announcing that G. H. AVERY Esq., of Owego, N. Y., is associated in the proprietorship and business management of the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

NEW YORK A GREAT SPA.

Our special reporter, sent to examine into the Croton-matter, reports that the streams which feed the grand reservoir have worn away their beds down to a mineral rock, a peculiar salt in which has impregnated the water, and given to it the peculiar taste of which we hear so much complaint.

We haste to add, however, that our reporter further have acquired certain medicinal properties, which render them more salubrious than the waters of Saratoga, or any other Spring or Spa in the world. In fact, it is notorious that whenever waters, from being fresh and sweet, become stale, and even nauseous, it is because of their having acquired some sanitary virtue, which makes them more beneficial (if taken in sufficient quantities) than the waters of the clearest mountain-spring.

We cannot, therefore, rejoice sufficiently, that at last our dear Croton water, after having been clear and delicious to the taste (and as a consequence, deleterious to the health) for so many years, has at last become so muddy, and so offensive to the palate, that it may be taken (when well shaken) in any quantity—and that not only with impunity, but with positive advantage to the health.

What the results of this miraculous and beneficial change will be, no one can fully determine. One thing, however, seems to be certain, to wit, that if the fact can only be clearly established that the Croton water is twice as disagreeable (and by consequence, as the medico-mathematical mind will at once perceive, four times as salubrious) as the waters of our fashionable Springs, *one* result will be, that this magnificent metropolis will at once take rank as the greatest and most wonderful Spa in the world, casting the best of them—even Baden-Baden itself—completely into the shade.

And this is a consummation devoutly to be wished; for leaving the beautiful city every Summer, and rushing into the hideous country, has got to be a most intolerable and expensive bore—the only redeeming fact in the case being that we enjoy the city so much more when, at the close of the dismal season (provided, meanwhile, we don't die of ennui or indigestion), we are permitted to return to it. What enthusiasm we then feel at being in a place where we can procure fresh fruits and vegetables, where we can have abundance of light and shade, where we can have immunity from troublesome insects (excepting only Croton-bugs, which are now being killed off by the new properties of the water, which are favorable only to the human species), where we can walk out in the evening without risk of life and limb, where we can have spacious and well-ventilated rooms, and finally, where we can have all the privileges of divine worship, and (henceforth) all the blessings of fœtid water.

But so far as this last item is concerned, let us not be too hasty. Dr. Chilton may not finish his promised analysis of the Croton waters for five or ten years to come, and then he may knock our reporter's theory in the head by proving that they have become infected by the introduction of "dead men's bones and all manner of uncleanness." Meanwhile, if any large number of our people die off in consequence of too free libations, we can console ourselves (as in such cases made and provided) by taking all responsibility from the shoulders of the Croton managers, and charging the whole mischief to "the inscrutable providence of God."

But we have no great fear of any increase in our tables of mortality. The human constitution is very strong. Moreover, nothing, unless it be wholesome food, seems to affect it so unfavorably as fresh water and pure air. Anything nauseous—high game for instance, or mineral water, or cod-liver oil (which young men take to increase their bulk, and young ladies to improve their complexion)—is eagerly taken, as if the fact of its nauseousness were an argument in its favor. This accords with our general view of Man and Providence. In all time, "mortifying the flesh" (happily an impossible operation in our individual case) has been looked upon as a most beneficial thing, both for the body and the soul. Hence our love of repulsive medicines (which the wicked homœopathists are so much opposed to); and, hence, also, the opposition on the part of the unco good (who have a cheerful faith in human torture, here and hereafter), to the use of chloroform in surgical operations, and to any form of religion that doesn't provide for the endless torment of nine-tenths of their fellow-creatures.

Well, after all, such notions may be right, since they evidently spring from the consciousness, on the part of those who entertain them, that nothing, however terrible, can surpass their deserts. And in this view of the case, it is possible that our own dislike for tormenting, and even for disagreeable things, may result from an incorrect self-appreciation, and from consequently incorrect ideas of God, whom we look upon as a Being who desires nothing so much as the happiness of the human race, and its entire freedom from pain.

THE NEW AMERICAN TRAGEDY AT WALLACK'S.

The reader's special attention is called to the fact that on Monday next, Matilda Heron will appear at Wallack's Theatre in a new American Tragedy, entitled "Geraldine, or Love's Victory," written expressly for her by a lady of this city.

Without wishing to anticipate the verdict of the public, we may be permitted to say that after what we have heard of the play from competent sources, and from what we all know of the gifted actress who is to play the leading part, there can be little doubt of its triumphant success.

At any rate, its production will be the great dramatic event of the week, and there will, of course, be the usual crowd of literary and other celebrities present, to enjoy the excitement of a first representation. For the cast of the play the reader is referred to Mr. Bateman's announcement in another column.

Skepticism run Mad.

Our Skeptical Man (whose opinions we should be sorry to endorse) writes us as follows:

I. I do not believe that Sunday, as understood by the Sabbatarians, is a divinely-ordained institution, for the simple reason that if it were so, the Ordainer would have prohibited rainy Sabbaths, if only to enable people to reach the church. I, however—who am no Sabbatarian—bless the Sabbath-rain and its Creator, seeing in it the workings of his wonderful chemistry in the production of "our daily bread." No churchman can preach to me so rapt a sermon as the cornstalk.

II. I do not believe in spirit-rappings—feeling convinced that, were it feasible, our immortal Washington would have availed himself of the very first chance to commence an action for libel against some hundreds of portrait-painters, engravers, and orators.

Cockneyism.

We heard a cockney describing his mouth, the other day, as "A Heating Apparatus."

Mayor Wood's Next Toast.

LETTER WRITING; to the weak, a stumbling-block; to the Wise, foolishness.

[For the NEW-YORK SATURDAY PRESS.]

PHRENOLOGY.

The "Professor," at his last "breakfast table," must surely have had an indigestion, and, like most dyspeptic mortals in such a situation, having to expend his crossness on something, chose that which he could abuse most safely. In his desire to make fun of his subject, he has certainly shown much wit and his usual powers of sarcasm (he always *is* clever), but has seldom appeared so forgetful of logic. He says "that having been photographed and stereographed and chromatographed, it only remained to be phrenologised," and thereupon proceeds to criticise and "cut up" Phrenology and Phrenologists in general, in a manner most amusing, but with no arguments whatever. He fills this void, however, by dealing very largely in insinuations, such as these: that Phrenology is a "pseudo-science" consisting of an ingenious nomenclature, all facts being made to argue in its favor—that it is invariably connected with some "lucrative practical application" whose professors and practitioners [illegible] people, [illegible] very serious with the public, but "wink and laugh among themselves" (implying that they are *humbugs* of course); that few besides "feeble-minded inquirers," and weak-[illegible] "women of both sexes" [illegible], etc. Now, by what facts does he sustain these insinuations? *Not one!* He simply makes illustrative comparisons, reasons on suppositious occurrences, and defines how *he* would set up a phrenological shop; in short, he proves that humbugs always imitate realities, and have some basis of truth, shows that a very shrewd and "tolerably cunning" fellow might deceive people by pretending to phrenologise, but leaves Phrenology proper just where he took it up, without having advanced any *fact* against it. But his opinion of the science is very clearly expressed, though he concedes having "rarely met a sensible man who would not allow there was something in Phrenology; a broad, high forehead promising intellect; and one villanous low, with a huge hind-head back of it, marking an animal nature." But his illustrations are peculiar. "If," he says, "a man should assert that the moon was in truth a green-cheese, I might be puzzled to prove the contrary" (very true), "but if he offered to sell me a ton of this lunar cheese, I call on him to prove the truth of the caseous nature of our satellite, before I purchase." Now, whatever doubts he might entertain of the sanity of his moon-merchant, if the article were represented to be a superior one from which a valuable result could be obtained, would it not seem more natural to wait until the ton of lunar cheese had been (or *not been*) delivered, or proved to be composed of some imitation, and *then* withhold payment, or call out "humbug" and "cheat?" But he goes on to add that "it is only necessary to show that the truth of Phrenology is not proved and cannot be, by the "common course of argument:" he then asks, "can you tell how much money there is in a safe, which has thick double walls, by kneading its knobs with your fingers? So when a man fumbles about my forehead and talks of its organs, I trust him as much as I should if he felt of the outside of my strong box and told me that there was a five-dollar, or a ten-dollar-bill, under this or that particular rivet." Now, can any comparison be made between the square walls of an iron safe, and the delicate, beautifully-arranged cerebrum of the "noblest work of God," so perfectly adapted to all its parts? particularly after conceding that a broad, high forehead *does* promise intellect—which, if his argument (!) stand, is tantamount to saying that a "safe," with a fine, high arched *top*, promises cash! and he calls this the "common course of argument."

As a natural sequence, he supposes three thieves, A, B, and C, but each a greater rascal than the other, and because Phrenology may assign different motives for their thievish propensity, the "Professor" smiles his derision—but does he mean to assert that all thieves steal with precisely the same motive, any more than murderers kill always under the same incentive? But at last he caps the climax by sneering at the principle that "it is not the size alone, but the *quality* of an organ which determines its degree of power." Well, will he deny it? What else did he mean, when, in one of his late articles, he wrote of the value of "blood" as affecting "race?"—he surely did not allude to the quantity but the *quality* of that which he praised. Finally, the Professor's parody of the Phrenologist's method and scale of notation, only shows that a man with large knowledge of human nature may make a fair guess at a person's character, without any "science" to guide him, but does not prove the *non-existence* of such a science. It is strange that a writer usually so clear-sighted, should indulge in such superficial "talk," to the detriment of what may, for anything solid he advances against it, be a great truth revealing another of nature's wonders. It is possible, however, that an explanation may be inferred from the verses in which he desires to "caution" reformers—perhaps his Phrenologisms, notwithstanding his satisfaction at the "grand total of his Phrenological endowments," may have told him *some plain truths*—and, to quote from his "Caution:"

> "Then scowling Hate turns deadly pale;
> Then Passion's half-coiled adders spring;
> And, smitten through their leprous mail,
> Strike right and left in hope to sting."

L. DE LOOP.

Literary Notes.

— The Messrs. Harper publish, this day, Miss Mulock's new novel, "A Life for a Life."

— The Rev. T. D. P. Stone, of Salisbury, Mass., has been engaged for orator, and John G. Whittier for poet, by the Amesbury and Salisbury Agricultural and Horticultural Society, for their annual Fair at the Mills Village, on the 28th and 29th of September.

— Jenny Jewell, a young lady of Buffalo, is giving poetical readings in Western New York.

— Mrs. Aaron V. Brown, widow of the late Postmaster General, has presented the Tennessee Historical Society with a valuable collection of books, including twenty-one volumes of American State Papers, running from March 3d, 1789, to March 3d, 1823.

— The first volume of a "History of English Literature," with particular notice (besonderer Berücksichtigung) of the History of Politics and Morals in England, has just appeared at Leipsig. The author is Prof. Gatschenberger.

— "A Narrative of Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan," by Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, is announced as forthcoming. From the author's position as private secretary to Lord Elgin, says the *N. Y. Times*, coupled with his old-established reputation as a writer of travels, something more than usually interesting is expected in the new work. Mr. Oliphant is well remembered by numerous friends in this country.

— After an interval of ten years, the author of "Friends in Council," has produced a second series of that remarkable work. It is like the first of his essays, mingled with dialogue, and displays the same cast of thought, at once discursive and incisive, and the same solid and graceful quality of literary workmanship.

— A history of the ill-fated expedition of Count De Raousset into Sonora, has appeared at Paris, under the title of "*Le Comte de Raousset-Boulbon et l'Expédition de la Sonore.*" The author, M. de la Chapelle, was one of the participators in the strange enterprise he describes.

— The Paris correspondent of the *Southern Field and Fireside* (our favorite Southern exchange), gives as "a pleasant specimen of a light French pun," the following inscription, which the Marquis de Bicose put up over the entrance to his stables: *Honni soit qui mal y panse.*

— Among the three hundred and ninety-three contributors to the *North American Review*, the names of the following female writers appear: Fanny Kemble Butler, Miss I. Batchelder, Countess De Bury, Miss Chandler, Mrs. E. D. Cheney, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Mrs. Caroline Gilman, Mrs. Griffiths, Miss F. Inglis, Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, Mrs. A. W. Little, Mrs. Minot, Mrs. Mary L. Putnam, Mrs. Therese Robinson, Mrs. E. V. Smith, Mrs. M. J. Sweat, Miss Wheaton.

—Mrs. Alexander Kerr, translator of Ranke's "History of Servia," etc., has recently been admitted as a member of the Antiquarian Society of Vienna (Alterthums Verein). She is the *first* English lady who has received the diploma of this society. Mrs. Kerr has also been admitted as a member of the Geographical Society of Vienna.

—Messrs. Bailey, Webster & Co., of Boston, announce their intention to issue a weekly paper, to be called *The Boston Critic.*

— We take the following from the "Wit and Wisdom" column of "*The Ledger*:"

"A man cannot write himself into a poet any more than he can think himself into thought. Polish a Scotch pebble as you will, you can never make anybody believe it is a crown-jewel. Most things may be considered charitably—poetry never. If you cannot get bread, you may be thankful for potatoes; you may make the old coat "*do*" if it is rusty; but the verses that will only *do* will certainly prove their makers undoing. We may pity a lame beggar, but a limping line, albeit it halts on satin, we condemn."

As a good example of the truth of the above, we extract the following from the "Mount Vernon [illegible]:"

"A more pleasing spectacle is not to be seen on earth than a revolving or intermittent light, which disappears for a few seconds; then sparkles white or red; beams out gradually to its full illumination; wanes and disappears but to return; seen of a moonless night upon some lonely promontory which rears its grim buttresses from the moaning waters, and enabling the homeward bound vessel to thread its way to its destined port through narrow channels and roaring breakers, regardless of the tempest ready to burst from the overhanging cloud. Such an eclipsing light, seen during the contemplative watches of a sleepless night on the 8th of July, 1855, suggested the following lines:

THE ANTITHESIS OF LIFE:—
Via Crucis, via Lucis.

It goes in and comes out, now it fades, now is bright,
And it guides by its darkness, as well as its light.
So a word fitly spoken is potent to teach,
But silence sometimes talketh better than speech.
Force winneth the battle, force driveth the throng,
But patient endurance, through weakness, is strong.
A gay sparkling glance is right joyous to see,
But a deep thoughtful eye hath more witchery for me.
The king rules his realm by a word, by a whim,
But the babe that can't speak, from his cradle, rules him.
So the pride of this life threads the path of renown,
But the way of the Cross is the way of the Crown.

— Williams & Co., of Boston, announce "A History of Williams College," by Rev. Calvin Durfee, aided by Professor A. Hopkins and others.

— Mr. Herbert Coleridge has contributed "the foundation stone of the historical and literary portion of the Philological Society's proposed English Dictionary," in an alphabetical inventory of every word found in the printed English literature of the thirteenth century.

— It is enough to say of the following bit of Tupperism, that it is from the *N. Y. Journal of Commerce*:

Messrs. Editors:—When Martin F. Tupper, the English poet, was in this country, I had the pleasure of a visit from him at my house, and of forming an acquaintance with him. I found him a pleasant, genial, and intelligent man, an admirer of our institutions, and a well-wisher of our country's prosperity. He is undoubtedly a man of high moral principles, and of exemplary purity of life. His genius and talent have never been prostituted to base and unworthy purposes. The light of domestic life spreads its charm over him. Being solicited for a remembrance, he gave me the following effusion of his fancy, which indeed is less a creation of fancy, than a copy from the brilliant original. May England ever reflect the lustre of a good example on all the Courts of Europe. J. N. B.

HOME.
BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

I foraged all over this joy-dotted earth,
To pick its best nosegay of innocent mirth,
Tied up with the bands of its wisdom and worth:
And lo! its best treasure,
Its innermost pleasure,
Was always AT HOME.

I went to the palace, and there my fair Queen
On the arm of her husband did lovingly lean,
And all the dear babes in their beauty were seen;
In spite of the splendor,
So happy and tender,
For they WERE AT HOME.

— A correspondent of the Philadelphia *North American*, in describing the book sale in Boston, says he has been struck with the appearance of one or two hundred of book merchants. They are a fine body of men, and with more of the intellectual, literary look than ordinary merchants have. There are some Websterian heads among them, and they certainly evince that their trade is a remarkably good one for the mind.

— The following are the contents of the Knickerbocker for September: Stories and Pictures of the Hudson. By T. Addison Richards. Saratoga. By T. Addison Richards; The Wealth of the Ancients; The Rain on the Roof; The Romance of a Poor Young Man—to be Continued; The Heart-History of a Heartless Woman. Mrs. S. P. King—to be Continued; Story of a Dew-Drop; Little Peddlington, Otherwise called Bosville; The Diamond Ring. By M. Elliot; My Introduction to the Emperor of Brazil. By Dr. N. P. Rice; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

A New Reading.

During Mr. Greeley's absence from the *Tribune*, we recommend to the Republican leaders as a motto: *Timeo Dana-os et dona ferentes.*

Correspondence.

LAKE MAHOPAC, August 17, 1859.

"Would this be world enough for thee?"—LALLA ROOKH.

And why, critical PRESS, should not a letter commence with a quotation? It gives such an air of authority, and seems to promise so much fine writing to follow, as the only fit company for itself; but even were it to happen otherwise, and the quotation be as a lily among weeds, have we not Personne's own precedent and sanction that the subject need not necessarily accord with the caption? But mine does, since it invites you to contemplate one of the loveliest little Edens yet unsung by poet; not that one can give you any idea of it—it is of that beauty which descriptive words but render flat and uninteresting; of that beauty which appeals less to the eye than the heart, and only to be thought of as "lovely." You may not know that six years ago there *was* but one hotel here, and that one, though small, not patronized. Now there are some seven or eight hotels, and the boarding-houses all crammed,—as literally so as the word can be applied in reference to human beings, since not only have most of the rooms several occupants, but the parlors and diningrooms are slept in—more particularly on Saturday and Sunday nights, when the "business folks" come up from town. Yet, notwithstanding the numbers, there is no excitement going on. The old people say it is "quiet," the young ladies think it "dull," and the young men pronounce it "slow." They all crowd here, nevertheless; and in several cases, having come to spend two days, have remained two weeks, and *then* found it not easy to make up their minds to leave.

The principal fun is on the lake, and it is perhaps between one and four o'clock A. M. only, that no boats are to be seen on its "tranquil bosom." As early as sunrise, and until long after Madam Luna has appeared, the boats are in movement, "manned" most frequently by the ladies, who take their daily "constitutional" by rowing. The scene is rendered still more gay by the lively little flags and, at night, the Chinese lanterns they carry. After this exercise, and the additional one of rolling tenpins a great part of the day, is it not surprising that they will, or *can*, dance afterwards, as they do, all the evening? (I mean the ladies, Sir! as the *beaux* are usually "heavy" about dancing—except indeed when the wind chooses to whistle a storm-tune). Quiet, dull, and slow, all manage to keep pretty busy and have a very nice time. The independence of the young ones is particularly noticeable, and an essentially American feature. Six or eight little chaps, not a dozen years old, will sail their boats in a stiffish breeze with as much confidence and more skill than many of their elders who indulge in the same pastime, and two or three wee girls of about ten—and one certainly not more than seven years old—come in to breakfast and supper all by themselves, order their meal in a childish but well-assured voice, eat quietly and moderately, and walk out as unconcernedly as they walked in. Another curly-headed child drives a horse and buggy, and when asked where she learned to manage the reins, replies, in wonder at the question: "O Sir, I used to drive when I was a little girl!" She is now *eight* years old!—As beauty interests every one, it may be mentioned that there are more pretty girls here than at any *three* fashionable Saratogas or Newports. The reason is, perhaps, that our beautiful girls are not from what is called the aristocracy, but from the middle and upper-middle classes. But the Newport, and more especially the Saratoga visitors, are people of wealth, if not position, and as it would not be fair that they should have *everything*, why they must dispense with good looks. Do they lose, or gain? Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

It is not to be inferred from this that none but "common people" are here; *au contraire*, they are well educated, and refined—very little bad grammar is heard; but the men are frights and eat with their knives. However, they saved "Baldwin's" from being burnt up. Last Monday morning, at about half past [illegible], a dense smoke arose through what is called the "old house" (to distinguish it from the addition made to it), and filled many sleeper's lungs, not enough to asphixiate, but sufficiently to wake them up with an unpleasant sensation. The fire-gong sounded its alarm, and the ladies, in great trepidation, soon crowded the corridors, *en robes de nuit*, behaving so much as usual, that one is led to think there must be a special rule "in such case made and provided." So fair a display of fine cambric is not often seen. The cause of it all originated down near the kitchen, where a furnace has, for some time past, been charring the timbers. The fire was easily extinguished by pulling down the surrounding parts, yet slight as it was, ten minutes more would have placed it out of reach. The destruction of the ladies' pretty toilettes would have been a decisive blow to the grand ball which is thought of for Friday evening. Although, as before said, there is dancing every night, there is also given an occasional hop, the music and supper being provided for by subscription. The one now in view is somewhat meant as a return-civility for that held at another hotel, on Saturday, to which the guests of this were all cordially invited. It was very brilliant, every room throughout the house being lighted up by gas. There was the usual excitement and heat, and as much of the rivalry and jealousies attendant on such occasions. But some philosophers argue that ill-feeling is better than no feeling, and an instance of this latter is presented by a wealthy Spaniard here, who so maltreated a fine horse he had hired, that the large whip-stripes on the animal's back were swollen half-an-inch high: the whipper was fined twenty-five or fifty dollars, and ought to have had an injunction restraining him from driving a horse for the next ten years. But I must tell you something novel and amusing. Our waiter-niggers are so independent and slow that a singularly protracted interval occurs between the carrying off of the last dinner-fork and the appearance of the first dessert-plate. You suppose that, of course, the ladies and gentlemen sit in conversation all that time? Not so, indeed; they go out to walk up and down the piazzas, and even take a row half way around the lake—returning quite in time for their plate of pudding and their saucer of ice-cream; whilst those who remain, sew, knit, and read novels! Not to be singular in deportment, I follow the custom—unfolding, then and there, the SATURDAY PRESS.

Yours, DOLLOPS.

DEAR PRESS:—I am a sucking author—sucking authors are sometimes ashamed of their productions, and send them to Editors anonymously. I do so too.

PRESS, I am without an object in life, and am bothered by a woman. I feel like blowing my brains out. I have lost her love through my own fault, and though I feel that her mental constitution is unsuitable to me, I have loved her three years, and hate to give her up. Love is often laziness. One rests his heart upon a woman, and, though he feels that fifty others would answer as well, he is too idle to lift it off. PRESS, insert my letters, and give me something to do. I have read you often lately, and drank inspiration from your style. It *must* be read. When it treats of nothing, its bubbles rise to the surface, sparkling so rosily that we must look at them. I will eschew "*Constellation*" and "*Century*" ponderosity, and be terse. I will model myself upon you, or on "Personne." "Personne" is an institution. Anna Maria is delicious. The wide-awake eyes and parted lips of the Beloved One, as she watches the play with her bored admirer, are ever present to me. PRESS, pardon my dullness. Writing for you is no easy matter. I pondered what to write about, and concluded to say what came uppermost. I had a sensation recently. Last Fall there appeared in the *Herald* a die-away matrimonial advertisement of a young lady for a sympathising heart, adding that money was no object, as she had plenty. I suspected it as a piece of school-girl fun, and feeling on that gloomy afternoon as if an adventure would be welcome, wrote her my opinion on the subject, offering my services. I received a reply in six months. It came the other day. I was right. She was a school-girl, and did want fun. She received *five hundred* answers. They all responded to her wish for a sympathising heart, "and said nothing about the money." She says she fancied my letter, put it in her desk, and burnt the rest. She soon after left the school. In a fit of ennui or disenchantment, she last week disinterred my epistle and replied to it. Hence my sensation. I have had a second letter from her. I'll send her the SATURDAY PRESS. How can I better express my gratitude? SATURDAY PRESS! Modest name! who would buy it for its title? who would say the dull stone enclosed such glistening ore? One might think it a diluted Journal of Commerce. Adieu. I will hunt up something for my next. I am at fault to-day. An office-desk engenders no coruscations. NESSUNO.

NORTH CONWAY HOUSE, August 15, 1859.

My Dear Editor:—THE SATURDAY PRESS hasn't come yet. The barbarian postmen wont forward papers as they do letters, so we must wait for the next mail.

I got here Friday night, at 11 o'clock, being the only passenger. A fresh breeze was blowing when we took the steamer *Dover* at Alton Bay, and sailed up Lake Winnipiseogee to Centre Harbor. From Centre Harbor to Conway, thirty miles, we came in a stage, which was nearly full of gentlemen and ladies, but the landlord of the principal hotel there frightened them all into stopping with him, by asserting that there wasn't the slightest chance of getting a room anywhere in North Conway. The rest thought me foolhardy to start, and even urged me to stay after I had got into the stage; but remembering the Spanish proverb—"Never believe a landlord's account of his neighbor's inn"—I rode off without any very serious apprehensions. What an interesting drive I had all to myself! Cool breeze, mountains to the right, to the left, before and behind me, and the full red moon rising, according to my locality, exactly in the North.

When our stage got within a mile of the North Conway Hotel, it was hailed by five ladies, who ordered the driver to stop at a certain place farther above. They were in high glee, and I soon learned by their conversation that they were about to play a joke upon the keeper of some little hotel, which they knew to be entirely full; but their difficulty was to determine who should speak for them, as the landlord knew them all, and would detect their voices. Of course, I came to the rescue, and offered, much to their delight, to speak for them. The stage stopped. The piazza was full, and as the landlord advanced a few steps, I put my head out of the window and asked if he could accommodate us with rooms?

"No, no!—all full!—no place for another soul."

Then I gave him a pitiful account of our weariness, of the other hotels turning us away—*six women all alone*—no gentleman with us, and begged the privilege of lodging on the parlor floor. By this time, the guests, deeply interested, began to crowd around and to intercede with the host for us, when, according to the direction of one of the ladies, I opened the door of the stage, and the ladies poured out, one by one. As we drove off we heard the most vociferous laughs ring out on the air, mingled with the words, "Sold, sold!"

As we drove up to the hotel, we heard music and the jar of dancing; Mr. Mason had treated his guests to a "Hop."

I find that the people here are mostly from the "Hub of Creation," and they all seem to be well acquainted. We have a "bowling alley," which is patronized very considerably by the ladies of this and the Kearsage House. One of our boarders, a young bride of two or three months, is one of the best players. She astonishes us by her "ten strikes," which she accomplishes frequently with the biggest ball. We have also a prodigy in chess—a miniature Paul Morphy—Master H., of Portland, Me., who plays a good deal, and generally leaves the field victorious. I like the ladies of the house—they are certainly very agreeable; some are quite young, and three or four are very handsome.

Visitors are delighted with Echo Lake, situated upon the side of a mountain, and Diana's Baths; the latter, they say, are most wonderfully numerous and elegantly polished basins made in the solid granite by the action of the water. I shall see them very soon for myself.

Mt. Kearsage we see from our house, and "White Horse Ledge." I do not distinguish the "White Horse" so clearly as some do; like most things of this sort it can only be approached by a very fruitful imagination.

The thing which most charm me here, is the entire absence of the Fitz-Noodle race, which I learn is in Newport this season. Here is no absurd fashion. Ladies dress when and as they please, and if they choose to go to dinner in morning-wrappers, it is not remarked. The fact is, everybody feels well, and nothing so dissipates ill-humor, human smallness, and human meanness, like fresh mountain air and a healthy digestion.

Yours truly, M. S. C.

Art Items.

—The City Council of Cleveland, Ohio, have contracted for the erection of a monument to Commodore Perry in their Park, and the work has been placed in the hands of Mr. Wm. Walcut of this city. The monument is to be about 25 feet high, consisting of an ornamented pedestal, adorned with appropriate bas-reliefs, and crowned with a statue of Perry, the statue to be 8½ feet in height. On the tablets beneath the statue are to be the arms of the States of Rhode Island and Ohio. The whole structure is to be of Italian marble. It will be completed, ready for commemorative services, it is expected, by Sept. 10, 1860. Mr. Walcut is already engaged on the model of the statue.

— Mr. Adams, the sculptor of the colossal figure of Gen. C. J. Napier, in Trafalgar square, London, has just completed the model of another statue of the same illustrious warrior, to be placed in St. Paul's Cathedral. The General is represented in repose, leaning on his sword, with a rolled-up scroll in his right hand, which rests upon his side, so that the figure is totally different from its predecessor in the square, though the likeness is from the same source—a mask taken from the face after death. It stands eight feet high, on a plinth of six inches.

POETIC—VERY.

In the absence of Mr. Greeley from the *Tribune* office, his associate editors break out, now and then, into strains of poesy which are truly refreshing. The following—which we venture to print in the poetic form that the effervescing sub was too modest to adopt—was evidently got off under the happy influence of what the writer would call, in Tribune-French, a *coup de soleil*:

Two more days of beautiful weather succeeding the rain
And the lightning, have gladdened the earth with the glory of summery sunshine,
The blue sky above us on beauty is bending, and zephyrs o'erburthened
With all the aroma of harvest are fanning to coolness the arrows
Of heat; while a cloud here and there on the azure afloat for a moment
Shields off the fierce shower of fire, the glare and the sheen of the day-god
And evokes in the morning of August the glorious eve of October.

An Obvious Rhyme.

——————— night,
——————— tight.

The Worst Pun of the Season.

A man with carrotty hair, which has prevailed in his family for several generations, describes it as being he-red-itary.

Good Breeding.

A thorough-bred Boston gentleman, of the very best school, says the Boston Daily *Advertiser*, would once have hardly felt at home in eating his dinner, if the print of Copley's "Victory of Camperdown" did not hang behind him. We believe the well-bred Boston gentleman is now satisfied if he have a copy of the *Daily Advertiser* lying before him.

One Thing and Another.

— Private letters from Paris state that Madame Ristori has nearly or quite resolved to make a professional tour through the United States.

— A lady-writer in one of our exchanges announces the revival of an old fashion—that of wearing aprons. The styles, as worn at present, are small and tasteful, made of single-colored silk and ornamented with pockets and trimming of black velvet, or rows of narrow lace.

— Mrs. Stowe is the name given to a famous racing mare in England, which was recently entered for the Goodwood races.

— W. W. Howe, the "Pasha," tells the following in the last New York *Picayune*: "I was lately describing to 'The Bishop' a wedding I had witnessed in New York, and was eulogising the beauty of the bride, on whom had shone the light of only eighteen Summers. The hardened offender merely replied: 'You would express her age more satisfactorily, according to the present style of skirts, by saying that eighteen springs had passed over her head.'"

— The Detroit *Advertiser* says that "in aiding the Pike's Peak swindlers to carry out their infamous and most cruel games of fraud, by lending them the weight of his name, Mr. Greeley has much to answer for. He did not knowingly deceive the public, but he permitted himself to be imposed upon too easily." If the Detroit *Advertiser* and the other journals in the country had followed the example of the SATURDAY PRESS, and explained to the people that Mr. Greeley's opinion on the gold question could not, in the nature of things, be worth a straw, much of the mischief now uselessly complained of, might have been averted.

— Dr. Edward H. Dixon writes to the *Herald* on the subject of ventilation, thus: "The common French window of our fashionable drawingrooms, opening each way from the middle, and hung with butt-hinges like folding doors, and extending from the ceiling to the floor, with bars half way from the latter for safety, and a wooden shaft going from the roof to the bottom floor, with a wind-jacket and a pivot to turn its open mouth to the wind, would completely effect ventilation; by the force of the cool air entering into the warmer apartment, it would roll all the impure exhalations of the body, and the heavy carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs out of the windows. All stairways should open on the street; the water closets should be invariably built on the roof."

— The fiftieth birthday of Dr. O. W. Holmes, Autocrat and Professor, falls on the 29th inst. His friends celebrate this golden wedding of his life by a dinner at the Revere House.

— In view of the rotten bridges on the New York railways, the Boston *Transcript* suggests that the managers of those corporations might announce that "Passengers will be dispatched in the cars."

— At a recent exhibition of paintings, a lady and her son were regarding with much interest a picture which the catalogue described as "Luther at the Diet of Worms." Having descanted at some length upon its merits, the boy remarked, "Mother, I see Luther and the table, but where are the worms?"

— The number of spies employed in Paris has been doubled since the peace, and there has not been such wholesale seizures of English journals there since the coup d'état.

— "Patrick, the widow Malony tells me that you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"What have you done with it?"

"Killed it and ate it, yer honor."

"Oh, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig, on the judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, *yer riverance*?"

"To be sure I did."

"Well, thin, yer riverance, I'll say, Mrs. Malony, there's your pig."

— Grant Thorburn says that Metternich, the subtle Austrian, once declared that as long as the republic of America existed, there would be no stability for the thrones of Europe, and that the only antidote to democracy was to propagate slavery in America.

— A correspondent of the *Evening Post* calls the agreement made at Villafranca, "the peace which passeth understanding."

— We learn that Miss S. A. Easton, late of the Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati, Ohio, is elected teacher of higher mathematics in the Female College at Wilmington, Delaware.

— The *Newark Advertiser* says Mr. Gangooly, the learned Brahmin, who was refused admission to the Glen House, has a whiter skin than Chief Justice Taney (pronounced Tawny).

—The famous Mrs. Partington being asked what church she went to, replied, 'Any paradox church where the gospel is dispensed with.' We should think that she would find no difficulty in gratifying her tastes in this city.

— There is a man in Exeter whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knees. Per consequence, he has not paid for his last pair of boots.

— A priest said to a peasant, whom he thought rude, "You are better fed than taught." "Shud think I was," replied the clodhopper, "as I feeds myself, and you teaches me."

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.
For the week ending August 20, 1859.

The Black Dwarf: and the Legend of Montrose. By Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1859. (Library of Sterling Novels.)

Paris; or, A Faggot of French Sticks. By Sir Francis Head, author of "Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau." 12mo., pp. 495. New York: Michael Doolady. 1859.

Germany. By Madame the Baroness de Staël-Holstein. With Notes and Appendices by O. W. Wight, A.M. In two volumes, pp. 408–437. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1859.

A Select Glossary of English Words, used formerly in Senses different from their Present. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster, author of "The Study of Words," "English, Past and Present," "The Lessons in Proverbs," "Synonyms of the New Testament, etc. 12mo., pp. 218. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1859.

The American Homœopathic Review. Vol. I., No. 11. August, 1859. John T. S. Smith & Sons.

A Life for a Life. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "Agatha's Husband," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," "A Hero," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859. [Library of Select Novels.]

Life and Liberty in America; or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857–8. By Charles Mackay, LL.D., F.S.A. With two Illustrations. 12mo., pp. 413. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

Peveril of the Peak. A Novel. By Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1859. (Library of Sterling Novels.)

Southern Literary Messenger. Vol. 28, No. 2. August, 1859. Richmond, Va.: Macfarlane, Ferguson & Co.

Black Diamonds Gathered in the Darkey Homes of the South. By Edward A. Pollard, of Virginia. 12mo., pp. 122. New York: Pudney & Russell. 1859.

The Edinburgh Review. No. CCXXIII. July, 1859. American Edition, Vol. XLI., No. 1. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

The Illustrated Pilgrim-Almanac. 1860. Published in aid of the Monument Fund. Boston: A Williams & Co.

The Knickerbocker, or New York Monthly Magazine. Vol. LIV., No. 333. September, 1859. New York: John A. Gray.

The Mississippi Bubble: a Memoir of John Law. By Adolph Thiers, author of "The Consulate and the Empire," etc. To which are added Authentic Records of the Darien Expedition and the South Sea Schemes. Translated and Edited by Frank S. Fiske. 12mo., pp. 338. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1859.

Chess Column

OF

The New York Saturday Press.

AUGUST 20TH, 1859.

Replies and Remarks.

— Some of the Alabama papers are anticipating with delight a Chess Congress of the Southern States, which it is proposed to hold in Montgomery in December next. At the head of the movement, we suppose, is the Hon. A. B. Meek, a resident of Alabama, and the president of the New York Congress of 1857.

— A late number of the *Evening Bulletin* (published in Philadelphia), contains a highly laudatory and eulogistic article treating of the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY PRESS. What can be the object of this excessive praise? It cannot be money, *for tinder*, our banker's account is not plethoric. It cannot be good will, for the *Bulletin* is known not to possess a superabundance of the article. It cannot be discrimination, for the *Bulletin* is sadly lacking in good taste. It must, therefore, be fame. Artesianus evidently desires to link his name to ours in the hope of reaching a far-off posterity. Artesianus has been studying the story of what's-his-name, who burned the temple of how-do-you-call-it, and desires to benefit by his example. Shall we not gratify so laudable a desire? Shall we not bestow upon the unhappy Philadelphian a little of the spare room in the ample boat of our renown, as it floats down the great river of Time? Pending the decision of this momentous query, we are glad to announce that Dr. Lewis has reconsidered his intention of retiring from the chess-column of the *Bulletin*. Its readers (whoever they may be) will learn with undisguised glee, that the remarkable English of Artesianus is to be revised and supervised by such a brain as that of Dr. Lewis.

— It affords us great satisfaction to announce that the printers of this journal, influenced by the general scaccomania, have entered with zeal upon the study of our game. So far have they already advanced, that they endeavored to improve the problem by Mr. Lange, in our last number. Our own judgment is, however, that they failed. We, therefore, advise our readers, before attempting to solve the stratagem, to place a black Pawn on b3.

— D. W. F. acknowledges the regular receipt of *The Field*, from S. S. B., of London.

— Mr. John Tillson, a fine player from the club at Quincy, Illinois, lately visited the New York club.

— Was the review of Dyce's new Shakespearean work in the last *Illustrated News* written by Mr. Staunton? We think so, because it bestows a large measure of praise upon —Mr. Staunton.

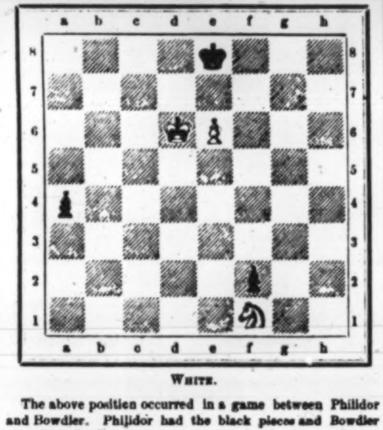
— The next *Chess Monthly* will commence the publication of a new translation of Salvio.

— Mr. Morphy left this city last Saturday for Newport, and will possibly visit the White Mountains. He will return to New York in about three weeks.

PROBLEM NO. 30.

Position between PHILIDOR and BOWDLER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

The above position occurred in a game between Philidor and Bowdler. Philidor had the black pieces and Bowdler thus drew the game:

BOWDLER.	PHILIDOR.		
1. Kt f1—e3	1. a4—a3	4. e6—e7†	4. K f8—g7
2. Kt e3—d5	2. f2—f1 (Q)	5. e7—e8(Q)	5. Q f1—f8†
3. Kt d5—c7†	3. K e8—f8	6. Q e8—f8:†	6. K g7—f8:
		7. Kt c7—e6†	

and Black can arrest the progress of the Pawn at a3.

THE GAMES OF PHILIDOR.

During his lifetime, Philidor himself gave to the public nine of his own contests, played upon three different occasions, without sight of the boards. These, with the exception of perhaps one game, were the only specimens of the great master's plays that were known to exist until Mr. George Walker, in the year 1835, published a volume entitled: *A Selection of Games at Chess, actually played by* PHILIDOR *and his Contemporaries, now first published from the Original Manuscripts.* These games were recorded by Mr. George Atwood, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and one of Philidor's opponents. At his death the manuscripts fell into the hands of Mr. Joseph Wilson, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and another of Philidor's adversaries. At the decease of the latter, about 1832, his library was sold at public auction, in London, and Atwood's three chess-manuscripts were bought by the bookseller Thorpe, from whom they were purchased by Mr. Walker. Walker's book contains forty-seven games, before unknown, and he subsequently published five more, selected from the same manuscripts. These, together with the blindfold games, and one Paris contest, which had been preserved, made the entire number sixty-two. To these we are enabled to add six games now in our possession, and hitherto unpublished, enlarging the list of the great master's extant combats to sixty-eight, all of which we propose to publish in the SATURDAY PRESS, with such comments as the present advanced stage of chess-analysis may enable us to make. Many of them have been previously annotated by Walker, St. Amant (who published forty-seven in the *Palamède*), Labourdonnais, Von der Lasa, and Staunton. We shall, in writing our notes, make a special acknowledgment whenever we are indebted to any of our predecessors.

The sixty-eight games were played against the following

OPPONENTS:

ATWOOD	17
BEAURVOIR	3
BOWDLER	7
BRUHL	18
CARLIER and BERNARD	1
COTTER	1
JENNINGS	3
LEYCESTER	6
MASERES	1
NOWELL	1
SEYMOUR	5
SHELDON	1
SMITH	1
WILSON	3

We shall insert the games in our column in accordance with the alphabetical order of opponents' names given in the above list, and accompany them with biographical sketches. The following table shows at what odds the games were played:

ODDS:

First Move	10
Pawn and Move	11
Pawn and Two Moves	14
Queen's Knight for Two Moves	4
Queen's Knight for Pawn and Move	8
Queen's Knight	4
Queen's Knight and Move	5
Queen's Rook for Queen's Bishop's Pawn and Move	1
Queen's Rook for Pawn and Move	10
Queen's Rook	1

We next give a table of the débuts, arrayed in accordance with the modern method of classifying the

OPENINGS:

KING'S BISHOP'S GAME:	
Queen's Bishop's Pawn's Defence	4
King's Knight's Defence	1
Counter Gambit	3
KING'S KNIGHT'S GAME:	
Accepted	3
Declined	4
QUEEN'S GAMBIT:	
Accepted	1
IRREGULAR GAMES:	
Sicilian Opening	3
French Opening	2
Pawn and Move Opening	29
Pawn and Two Opening	14
First Two Moves Opening	4

The earliest game to which a date is affixed was played May 8th, 1783; the latest June 29th, 1795. All but one were played in London, and the majority of them took place at Parsloe's, in St. James street, at which place the Metropolitan Club was established in 1774. None of them were played even, the smallest odds given by Philidor being the first move. Of the sixty-eight, there were played

Without sight of the board	18
Over the board	50

Looking at the result of the contests, we find the following to be the

SCORE:

Philidor	33
Opponents	20
Drawn	12
Unfinished	3

The longest game contains seventy-eight moves; the shortest consists of eighteen. For many particulars concerning the circumstances under which these games were played, and for a critical estimate of Philidor's style and strength, the reader is referred to the forthcoming *Life of Philidor* by Professor Allen.

THE LONDON TIMES.

In reply to remarks made in Parliament deprecating the invectives of the press against Lou. Napoleon, the London *Times* indulges in the following haughty strain:

It is our vocation and our very being to speak truly and freely about all public characters and affairs. If we cannot follow our vocation, we cease to be, altogether. We are a free press, which is about as distinct a thing from continental journalism as a living man is from a skeleton, or a forest from a timber-yard. If we have said what is not true, that is another question; but if our crime is that we have sometimes said that which may hurt the feelings of an Emperor or his soldiers, then we beg to state our case. We existed before either Napoleon III. or Napoleon I. We are as much an essential institution of this country as they of theirs. We are precisely what we were not only when Louis Napoleon lodged in St. James, but when his uncle was a sub-officer of artillery. We are what we were before either Mr. Bright or Lord John Russell was born. The era which gave France its revolution, gave England its free press. That press has preserved its freedom by acting up to itself, and speaking the truth, to the best of its ability and judgment, of everything and everybody. No one can overestimate its weight as the auxiliary and mouthpiece of a free legislature and open justice. But here it exists one of the chief forces of the country, now also a heritage from our forefathers to be bequeathed to our children.

— The *Historical Magazine* states that Mr. John Ratlife came out from England expressly to do the binding of Eliot's Indian Bible. There was some trouble about the price charged, and an appeal was made to the Commissioners of the United Colonies of New England. Mr. Ratlife said the materials of his craft were so dear at Cambridge that he paid eighteen shillings for that which he could buy in England for four shillings. He charged three shillings and sixpence per volume, and said one Bible was as much as he could complete in a day.

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DANIEL GRAY.

If I shall ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well; in fact, few knew him better;
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter,
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
And was not called upon among the gifted,
In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with Sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;
And I suppose, that in his prayers and graces
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now—his form, and face, and motions,
His homespun habit, and his silver hair—
And hear the language of his trite devotions
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen-chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded—
"Help us, O Lord, to pray, and not to faint!"
And how the "conquering and to conquer" rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him:
He never kissed his children—so they say;
And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him
Less than a horseshoe picked up in the way.

He could see nought but vanity in beauty,
And nought but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;
And, I am told, that when his Charley died,
Nor Nature's need nor gentle words could win him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,
They found fresh dewdrops sprinkled in his hair,
And on his breast a rosebud gathered early—
And guessed, but did not know, who placed it there.

My good old friend was very hard on fashion,
And held its votaries in lofty scorn,
And often burst into a holy passion
While the gay crowds went by on Sunday morn.

Yet he was vain, old Gray, and did not know it!
He wore his hair unparted, long and plain,
To hide the handsome brow that slept below it,
For fear the world would think that he was vain!

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous words for sin of every kind;
Alas! that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

Yet that sweet tale of gift without repentance,
Told of the Master, touched him to the core,
And tearless he could never read the sentence:
"Neither do I condemn thee—sin no more."

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way,
His mighty Friend in Heaven, the great Redeemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit,
Until in death his patient eye grew dim;
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

THE "RATIONALISTIC HORN" OF UNITARIANISM.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows, in a letter to the *Christian Inquirer*, writes as follows:

It is probably well that the *other side* of Unitarianism—its rationalistic horn—should stick boldly out at this moment. No doubt, its length and sharpness are exasperated by recent events. It is well that those who want a religion which, as it seems to me, is not so much a religion as an honest and sublime aspiration, should have a chance to indulge all the little faith they have, in a dignified and attractive way. And this opportunity is afforded them. How far the *chivalry* of supporting Theodore Parker will atone for the peril of overlooking his unevangelical and infidel ideas, and his unhallowed temper and spirit, it would well become all Christian ministers thoughtfully to consider. If Mr. Conway and Mr. Parker are to be considered representatives of Liberal Christianity, and leagues anywhere, [illegible] supported by our ministerial colnew counter-movement were inaugurated; and I [illegible] see a deeper reason than I knew, for the stand taken in my late discourse. A thorough and sober, cautious, but bold, discriminating, but uncompromising review of Mr. Parker's recent book, and, indeed, of his theological career, is now a great desideratum.

I think the *Inquirer* ought to take decisive ground. It will not do to be friends with everybody, in matters of public concern. We have, as Liberal Christians, a more important constituency in the public at large, than in our own immediate ranks; and the *Inquirer*, instead of seeking to satisfy the extreme *left*, and the extreme *right*, and the *centre*, and endeavoring to keep all our little body together, had better strike boldly for the *truth* itself, endeavoring to meet the great religious concerns and wants of the time by a discriminating ministry of just principles. I think we suffer, my dear Mr. Editor, somewhat, from the too gentle and sensitive temperament of our newspapers. The charity that thinketh no evil (where no evil is) is a good and holy thing; but the charity that *blinketh* evil, where it exists, is no better than any other kind of delusion and blindness. Let us state the truth, even when the truth is a sword. And never was the sword of the spirit—cleaving truth from error, rightly dividing the the Word of the Lord, separating between things confounded, in ethics and religion—more imperatively needed than now. Oh, for a mighty arm to wield it! How soon would it cut a way for the Gospel, through the Red River raft of drift-wood and mud that now obstructs its channel! The great work of our time is proper discrimination! There is almost none of it. In the political heats of the age, things have run together which were wont to be kept separate. And now, in the confounding of matter and spirit, man and God, nature and grace, goodness and piety, fact and speculation, it is almost impossible to know what people are talking about, when they use these words, or whether we agree or disagree with their opinions—agreeing, as we must, with part of what they say, and disagreeing with part, and unable to say, or to be understood when we do say where the partition lies between our sympathy and our antipathy. I have no doubt that usually what people *mean* is far nearer right than what they say; but often, unhappily, what they say is more nearly right than what they mean. At Cambridge, for instance, we were called on, by Mr. Conway's resolution, to give an implied support to Mr. Theodore Parker's theological career in Boston. Mr. Conway, whose own course is, to the extent of his sphere, as injurious and inexcusable as Mr. Parker's, is the man to propose a vote of sympathy with his illness, and a prayer for his restoration to the scene of his ministerial labors. Well, now, is the fact that Mr. Parker is a man of fine talents; that he has said strong and bold words for freedom and for the suffering classes in this country; that he loves his friends, and that he has worn himself out in an exciting and popular public career; that he has a large local, and a considerable national constituency; and that his way of thinking is becoming more and more acceptable to the rising race—are these facts (more or less interesting and commendable, according to our way of viewing them), to blunt our minds to the serious recollection that it has been the labor of his life to destroy reverence for the external authority of Christianity—that he has thrown all the contempt in his power upon the motives and doings of the ministerial order in this country, of every name and sect—that still, claiming to be the head of a Christian society, and a minister of the Gospel, he treads the doctrines for ages held in reverence by the Christian Church, with utter levity and scorn, and is daily shocking the religious sensibilities, and trampling upon the spiritual affections and associations of millions of serious and excellent people, and glorying in the ill-blood and terror he creates? The amount of good which such a man does, seems to me to be in spite of himself. No doubt he "who maketh the wrath of man to praise him" will extract good from Mr. Parker's scornful and opprobrious career. That he is sincere in his convictions does not help *them*, in my eyes. That he is kind and loving to his friends (as who is not?) does not excuse his abuse of all who differ from him. And if there ever was a time when his attitude required special sympathy, on account of its unpopularity, it has passed by. Nay, he has waited for the time of his popularity to make his most contemptuous assaults upon his former brethren! If anybody considers now where the peril lies—whether in accusing or in excusing Mr. Parker—undoubtedly it is in saying distinctly that one has, despite his talents, philanthropy, and learning, no sympathy with him on the whole, but regards him as a denier of the Gospel and of the truth. And yet, it is such a man that we are held derelict to our liberal Christian principles if we do not publicly give him God-speed.

If liberality require this, let us make no further pretension to it. If our principles demand this, let us acknowledge their falsity. I confess I once thought that all general principles were safe guides, and had some scorn of those who declined to follow them wherever they led. But I have discovered that as much error may lie hid in the statement of a general principle, as in a particular fact; and that it is only *true principles*, not all *general* ones, that can be safely followed; and, for the most part, we are much more competent to judge of our duty at every juncture, as it arises, than of the general principles that are to guide it, before the time of action comes. Some of Mr. Parker's *general* principles, it seems to me, are exceedingly false, and the more dangerous in proportion as they are consistently and boldly carried out. The only objection, then, to the course taken at Cambridge, was, that it was not bold and frank enough. Mr. Conway ought to have been told, even more plainly than he was by Dr. Hedge, that his resolution was an imposition, an attempt to place his brethren in an embarrassing posture, and to force them to endorse his own policy under cover of sympathizing with his prototype; and the resolution he offered, instead of being laid on the table, or dodged, under pretence of its being unprecedented, should have been voted down upon the unmistakable ground of Dr. Gannett's honest and admirable speech, namely, direct disapprobation of Mr. Parker's theological position and ministerial course. As it was, we have all the odium of an alleged illiberality, without the advantage of having magnanimously defined our position as a body of positive believers. So much for the want of due discrimination between our duty as Christian ministers and our inclinations as personal friends; between our respect for talents powerfully applied in social and philanthropic ways, and our disrespect for the same talents injuriously employed against the foundations of the Christian religion.

BIBLE PRINTING MONOPOLY IN ENGLAND.

On Monday next, Mr. Baines, M.P., is to ask the Home Secretary, "Whether it is the intention of her Majesty's Government, on the expiration of the patent of the Queen's printer for England and Wales on the 21st of January, 1860, to propose the renewal of that patent, so far as it relates to the printing of Bibles and Testaments, or any restriction on the free printing of the Holy Scriptures."

In these days of free trade, most people will be surprised to learn that the printing firm of Eyre & Spottiswoode, and the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, are the only persons and bodies who may print Bibles in England. The patent was granted in the reign of George IV., and is very stringent, for, that nothing whatsoever may be done "whereby the profits which may accrue" to the patentees may be diminished, it forbids "all and singular the subjects of us, our heirs and successors, whatsoever and wheresoever abiding, and all others whatsoever," to print "any Bible or New Testaments in the English tongue, or any translation, with notes or without notes," or "to import, or cause to be imported, sell, or cause to be sold, any books, volumes, or works whatsoever in the English tongue, or in the English tongue mixed with any other tongue whatsoever—the right of printing which is vested in the patentees—under the penalties and forfeitures by the laws and statutes of this realm in that behalf made and provided." So that not only any one who may reprint the existing edition, but any one publishing a new translation, or a commentary, or a polyglot, is at the mercy of the patentees, who may at once drag him into the Court of Chancery for the offence.

It is an important fact that the same restriction formerly existed both in Ireland and Scotland, but that it has now been abolished in those countries. In Ireland, in 1794, the patentee applied to the Irish Court of Chancery to restrain a printer from publishing an edition of the Scriptures; but Lord Chancellor Clare declared that "he could not conceive that the king had any prerogative to grant a monopoly as to Bibles for the instruction of mankind in revealed religion;" and from that day the Irish patent become a nullity.

In Scotland, a lady and gentleman held the patent, but in 1837 a committee of the House of Commons recommended that the patent should not be renewed, and that "the people of Scotland should have the advantage of the competition which the free introduction of Bibles and Testaments" from England will afford. The result of the non-renewal of the patent was most decisive—not only in the lowering of Bibles in Scotland, but in England also, so that the prices of Spottiswoode's lists, which in November, 1840, amounted to twenty pounds, one shilling, six pence, had fallen in February, 1841, to nine pounds, fourteen shillings, five pence, or [illegible].

The impression that the existence of the monopoly secures correctness is erroneous, inasmuch as the patentees are under no obligation to print correctly, while they are secured against competition. In fact, some of the "authorised" editions have contained many, and some curious, blunders. One old edition omitted the word "not" in the seventh commandment; another called the parable of the vineyard the "parable of the vinegar," and so was known as the "vinegar edition." It was also stated before the House of Commons committee that twelve thousand errors had been found in one edition alone!

It will rest on the patentees to show why they should continue to enjoy so extraordinary and indefensible a monopoly, and all who would advocate any restrictions on Bible-printing, to prove why the sacred Scriptures should be "protected," as no other volume is, or needs to be.—*London Paper.*

SALE OF WORDSWORTH'S LIBRARY.

The sale of this library of nearly 3,000 volumes in every class of literature, for which the literary world had looked with some anxiety, took place on last Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, under the management of Mr. John Burton, of Preston, who occupied the rostrum with much ability, and manifested no little tact in the manner in which he expatiated on the volumes, and the associations connected with them. The mode in which the books were arranged and catalogued was superior to anything of the kind previously seen in the provinces, where a huge poster is generally the only catalogue provided for the public. There was a large attendance of booksellers from London, Dublin, Manchester, and other towns, of clergymen, and other buyers. Among the latter were Lady Cranworth, Sir John Richardson, of Arctic fame, Dr. Davy, the brother of the inventor of the safety-lamp, and the Rev. J. Wordsworth, a grandson of the poet. The first day's sale seemed somewhat affected by the weather, the rain pouring in torrents, and preventing a thronged attendance. On the second day there was more animation in the biddings, and on Thursday, the concluding day, when the books sold were principally in verse, the bulk of them being presentation copies from their authors to Wordsworth, there was much competition, some of the lots bringing remarkably high amounts. It should be noticed that autographs, inserted in most of the books, gave them great additional value in the eyes of the bidders. Among the most attractive lots were the following: 39. Mr. T. Herbert, "Description of the Persian Monarchy, now being the Orientall Indyes; a relation of some Years' Travaill begunne Anno 1626," folio, calf, 1634; very scarce—£12 12s. 59. "Political Disquisitions," 3 vols., 8vo., calf, 1774 ("From Thomas de Quincey to William Wordsworth, Grasmere, Friday, June 22d, 1810," in De Quincey's autograph), £1 1s. 164. Talfourd, T. N. (Mr. Justice), "Recollections of a First Visit to the Alps in 1841," with autograph presentation of the learned author, and MS. sonnet on the reception of the poet Wordsworth at Oxford, and five others—15s. 204. "Calvino, Joanne, Institutio Christianæ Religionis," 8vo., calf, Genevæ (autographs of "S. T. Coleridge," and "W. Wordsworth"), 1569—£1 4s. 224. "Donne, John (Dr. in Divinity), LXXX. Sermons Preached by that Learned and Reverend Divine in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's, London," folio, calf, 1640. Autograph, "William Wordsworth, bought at Ashby de la Zouche, 1809"—£1. 285. "Purchas his Pilgrimage; or, Relations of the World and the Religions observed in all Places Discovered from the Creation to the Present. The third edition, by Samuel Purchas, parson of St. Martin's, by Ludgate, London, folio. Printed by William Stansby, for Henry Fetherstone, and are to be sold at his shop, in Paul's Churchyard, at the Sign of the Rose." 1617—£1 8s. 339. Brown, Sir Thomas, "*Religio Medici*, with observations, by Sir Kenelm Digby," 8vo., 1669 (autograph "William Wordsworth, given to him by Charles Lamb"), and three others, £1 6s. 361. *De Re Rustica*, M. Catonis, &c., not perfect, but containing numerous MS. annotations and observations by the late poet laureate, 2 vols., 4to., Parisiis, apud Stepani, Russia, 1543. It is by this work its extraordinary author, statesman, historian, orator, is identified with the science of agriculture. It consists of very brief directions for the management of a farm, and for economical housekeeping, from the buying of an estate to a charm for curing oxen, and a recipe for cheesecakes. 478. Bulwer's (Sir Edward Lytton) *Siamese Twins*, and other poems, 8vo., 1831 (with autograph presentation by the author to the "Illustrious Wordsworth"), and another book, 10s. 479. *Lord Byron's Works*, 6 vols., 12mo., 1830. (Wordsworth's autograph in each volume). This work, which was published at 18s., realised £3 9s. 490. George Chapman's translation of "the whole works of the Prince of Poets in his Illiads and Odyssey, according to the Greeke" (with the engraved frontispiece by Hollar, and portrait by Hole, so rarely to be met with), at London; printed for Nathaniel Butter—£5. 491. Chapman's *Homer*, another copy, without frontispiece, but containing the engraved dedication, on the back of which is written thirteen lines by S. T. Coleridge, dated February 12, 1808, a comparison of Chapman with Ben Johnson and Milton; a long MS. criticism of Chapman's merits as a translator, by the same writer, also inserted within the cover—£3 9s. 499. *Collin's (William) Odes* on several descriptive and allegoric subjects, small 4to., 1747; the first edition extremely rare—16s. 611. *Parnassus (England's), or the Choysest Flowers of our Modern Poets, with their Poeticall Comparisons*; hereunto are annexed various Discourses, both pleasant and profitable," 12mo., imprinted at London, 1600: Wit's "Recreations, containing 630 Epigrams, 160 Epitaphs, and variety of Fantasies and Fantastics, good for Melancholy Humors," 12mo., 1641. These two thin duodecimos, in tattered leather covers, were sold for £2 12s. 629. Randolph's (Thomas, M.A.) "Muses' Lookingglass," &c., 12mo., Oxford, 1638; England's "Helicon, of the Muses' Harmony," 1614. These two little books were bought, after an animated contest, by Mr. Dawson, of Cannon street, London, for £4 14s. 647. Scott's (Sir W.) "Marmion," 4to., 1808, with autograph, "Walter Scott to W. Wordsworth"—£1 10s. 649. Scott's (Sir W.) "Lord of the Isles," 4to., 1815, with autograph, "W. Wordsworth, from Walter Scott"—£1 18s. 689. *Wordsworth's Poems*, in 2 volumes, 1807, largely annotated, revised, and amended for subsequent editions; *Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*, volume 5, 1837, a few pencilled memoranda inside the cover; *The Loss of the Locks*, a poem, the two last pages MS., in the autograph of the author. James Montgomery, Sheffield, December, 1799—£2 12s. 6d. 690. *Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, 6 volumes, 12mo., Moxon, 1837. Perhaps more than in any other existing data, the growth of the poet's mind may be perceived in these volumes. They contain a large amount of variorum readings, inspired jottings, and constructive emendations, together with additional short poems in the author's pencil autograph. It is most probable these were his pocket companions and communists in his later poetical rambles, and in his fireside musings. This work, published at 8s., was, in consequence of the manuscript interpolations of Wordsworth, eagerly contested for. After a lively competition, it was purchased by Mr. Kerslake, from Bristol, for £15. 691. *Wordsworth's Sonnets*, collected in one volume, 12mo., 1838. A proportionate share of the preceding remarks applies in this instance. These sonnets, published at 6s., similarly distinguished with the previous lot, were also much coveted, being eventually knocked down for £3 5s.—*London Times, July 25.*

Love-Matters.

— The Postmaster at Warren, Ohio, writes at the request of Mr. Timothy Bradley of Johnston, Ohio, to say that the story of a correspondent announcing that Mrs. Bradley was the happy mother of 8 children at a birth is a malicious hoax, and adds: "Mr. and Mrs. Bradley are both respectable persons of respectable families—have been married about six years, and have never had any children."

—A hermit who dwells in the solitudes cross'd me,
As wayworn and faint up the mountain I [illegible]
And proffer'd his cell as my mansion of rest:
"Ah! nay, courteous Father, onward I rove,
No rest but the grave for the Pilgrim of Love."

"Yet tarry, my son, till the burning noon passes,
Let boughs of the lemon-tree shelter thy head;
The juice of ripe muscatel flows in my glasses,
And rushes fresh pull'd for siesta are spread."
"Ah! nay, courteous Father, onward I rove,—
No rest but the grave for the Pilgrim of Love."

— An old woman recently died at the Michigan State Prison, who was serving out a long term for stealing $1600. During her imprisonment she persisted in saying that she had been engaged to marry the man to whom the money belonged, and that while so engaged he placed the money in her hands, as a gift. Afterward, for some reason he broke the engagement, when she refused to return the money.

— In the Supreme Court, New York, on Wednesday, Wm. B. Coan obtained a divorce from his wife, Ada L. Coan, on the ground of adultery, no answer or refutation being put in by the woman, who is well known as a trance-speaking and ballot-test medium of eminence in the spiritual world.

— In one of the crack hotels of Saratoga, lately, the elderly men were sitting up in the office or bar-room during the jolly hours, drinking and telling stories, when suddenly a stately lady appeared, seized her husband by the arm and walked him off to bed.

— The case of Julia E. Clark against Alvin B. Clark, which was tried before Judge Bacon at the last term of the Supreme Court, in June last, in Lewis county, has been decided in favor of the plaintiff upon all the issues of the case. The action was brought against the defendant on the ground of adultery. The Court held that a divorce obtained in the State of Indiana, when the party goes there for the purpose of procuring such divorce, and then returns to this State, is wholly inoperative and void.

— The wife of a wealthy farmer living near Chatham, C. W., disappeared a few weeks since. She was discovered in a negro-house, where she had given birth to a mulatto child. She went there to hide the evidence of her guilt. She confessed that a negro laborer on her husband's farm was the father of her child, and that the illegal intimacy had existed for a year-and-a-half.

— A wedding took place at Brown's Hotel, in Washington, on Monday, August 15th, where the groom was a wealthy widower, with six children, and the bride a pretty miss of romantic eighteen, who had just completed a term as governess in the house of the groom, and was on her way to join her relatives in the Green Mountain country, in company with him, when, on reaching Washington, they concluded to get married. As they arrived here on Saturday night late, no license could be obtained until Monday, when the legal forms were gone through with as above stated.

— The Louisville *Courier* has the following story:

We understand that a few days since, in the Circuit Court of Newton county, there occurred a suit for slander, the points in the case growing out of the marriage of the Rev. Mr. Vickers to a widow Thompson, both of that county, which took place a year-and-a-half or two years ago. The nuptial knot, it appears, was tied in Cincinnati; at any rate, the license to solemnise the marriage was procured in the Probate Court in that city. The reverend gentleman, it appears, was sick of his bargain the "day after the wedding;" that they separated, and have not lived together since. The defendant in the suit, Mr. Abbott, an admirer of Mr. Vickers, was exceedingly shocked that his friend should take unto himself the widow Thompson for wife, and in an excited state of mind, he circulated reports about the woman, [illegible] derogatory, as she thought, to her character—reports that were not very flattering to her chastity—and the lady brought suit against him for slander. The answer of the respondent in Court was, that the charges he had preferred were true, and he would prove them, and so the trial commenced. The [illegible] the slander was, that Mrs. Vickers, formerly widow Thompson, was upon terms of too great intimacy with a Dr. Robertson, and that they were known to have cohabited together. The testimony for the defence was first heard, and some of it was of that character, if the witnesses are reliable, which would go far to sustain the defendant in the position he assumed. But the case was not concluded.

— The editor of the Rockford (Ill.) *Standard*, who is a woman, says "The 'Daughters of Malta' are becoming as distinguished, and seem to be quite as benevolent in their designs as the 'Sons of Malta.' Their object is said to be to relieve widowers, destitute bachelors, dandies, Hottentots, and orphan male children. By the time the Sons obtain the control of the Island of Cuba, the Daughters confidently expect to subjugate the *Isle of Man*.

— If you wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann, because "an" is always an indefinite article.

— The following is from the *Utica Telegraph* of Aug. 12: "An event occurred in Clinton on Tuesday last, which caused a free movement among gossipping tongues. It appears that about the 4th of July, a young man, George Hodges Finn, accompanied by his wife, an invalid, arrived from Oswego, and took lodgings at the Clinton House. Since then facts have come to light which place the parties in a delicate light. The poor bed-ridden woman is not his wife, but the wife of a man named Steele, in Oswego, from whom and her two children she had twice before run away, and who have as often welcomed her home again. Immediately on his arrival in Clinton, he wrote home to the wife he left, that he had found employment and would be likely to do well by staying. She wrote for money for the sustenance of herself and child; and getting no reply, and fearing lest he might be ill, in her anxiety she borrowed money to pay him a visit. When she arrived and found out the true state of things, she was overpowered. Till then she had had faith in her husband. The true wife left for Oswego, Wednesday, heart-broken and alone. Mrs. Steele is still in Clinton, forsaken, friendless, and her death daily expected."

— In one of the courts of Chicago, one of the model police of that beautiful swampville testified in reference to an affair of "seduction and abduction," that he "had kissed Mrs. Thompson; also Mrs. Post; also Mrs. Clayton; also others; was not a relative to the parties; did not regard the kissing as wrong in itself, as he was a married man, and a man of character."

— The London *Chronicle* says: We can state, on the authority of a private letter from India, that the Maharajah of Cashmere is forwarding, as a present to her Majesty, a most costly shawl-tent which will contain moreover a bedstead of solid gold. The value of this regal offering is said to exceed £150,000.

— The following bit of romance we clip from the Detroit *Free Press*: "They were respectively Fritz and Catherine, but in signing the documents both put down the name of Handel as a surname, which caused an inquiry as to their consanguinity, and elicited the fact that they had been married before. The young bride, who was thus made the heroine of two weddings, was a modest looking German girl, not pretty, but possessing one of those kind and amiable countenances which redeem a multitude of defects in personal beauty, and convince us that there are sometimes angels on earth whose divinity is not confined to red cheeks and rosy lips. She looked for all the world like one of those who personify constancy in four-shilling novels, living, ethereally, on the hope that a wrong will become right some time, and being rewarded in the end by illimitable happiness, got up by the novelist in a very blasé style. If anybody could consistently subsist in a garret and make overalls and blue shirts for a living, and never falter in the faith that her virtue would triumph some day, Catherine might. She may have done it—others may; but we have never had such a case to report where the records were authentic. It appeared from their story that they were married three years ago in some Eastern city, after an old-country courtship of some years. On the wedding night, some villanous Iago whispered in the ears of the bridegroom reports of a previous attachment on the part of the bride, which planted the germ of suspicion in his breast, and caused him to watch her with anything but fond attention. Naturally jealous, he found no difficulty in misconstruing and misapprehending, until he convinced himself that he was an injured husband. Unhappiness and a divorce followed, and the young wife left the scene of her troubles, and came to this city, where she honestly supported herself and a child by hard labor. How it came about we did not question, but the young husband told it in pathetic words, that his suspicions were dispelled by positive proof, and that his old love came back with a force invigorated by the knowledge that she was waiting patiently for him to do her justice. Letters that she wrote to friends, bedewed with midnight tears, and speaking with a doubting hope of the future—of love and confiding trust always full, and of complaint never mentioning—revealed to him her true character, and he came to her and offered himself for a second time, speaking regretfully of the past and glowingly of the future. Joyfully she consented, and, as he told the story, her eyes filled with tears, until at the conclusion, when he put out his hand and looked lovingly at her, she laid her head on his breast and wept like a child, regardless of the spectators, not one of whom was hardened enough to smile or jeer. They started out anew, a happy and joyous couple."

—The following is from the Easton *Argus*:

First love, the world generally admits, is always the most sincere. An instance, illustrating the truth of this, recently came to our knowledge, and is worth repeating. Forty-five years ago, a man named Peterson served his apprenticeship at the printing-business in the office of Christian Jacob Hutter, of this place. Whilst in his employ, he became interested in a young lady of our town, and proposed marriage. He was accepted, but the mother of the girl opposed the match and broke it off. After finishing his trade, he went to one of the Southern States, and married a sister of Hon. John M. Clayton, former United States Senator from Delaware. After having two children, his wife died and left him a widower. He then emigrated to Canada West, where he became quite a wealthy and prominent man, and filled the office of County Recorder, a life appointment, at Guelph. There he married a second time, and became a second time a widower. Last Summer he passed through Easton, on his road to Wilmington, where his daughter was at school, and whilst here, made inquiry after the sweetheart of his younger days. Ascertaining that she was a widow, and residing at Philadelphia, he called upon her, renewed his acquaintance, and, after more than forty year's, separation, again proposed marriage to her, and was accepted. He was to have come on here this week to be married, but was taken suddenly sick about ten days ago with an attack of pleurisy, and died after a short illness. A few days before his death, he wrote to the object of his first affection, telling her that he was doubtless on his dying bed, and never expected to see her again on earth.

—James Buchanan Henry, Esq., nephew of the President, was married at Annapolis, Md., on the 9th inst., to Miss Mary B. Nicholson, daughter of Col. Joseph H. Nicholson of that place.

— A gentleman killed himself in Florida, last week, for the love of a Miss Bullitt. The poor fellow couldn't live with a bullet in his heart.

— Henry C. Mowry, the young man arrested in Albany for false personation, in marrying Fanny Welch, in Troy, under the assumed name of Jones, was subsequently rearrested by officer Kipp, of Troy, upon the same charge, and taken to that city, and has finally got himself in a tight place. He was brought before Justice Warren, to answer the charge of false personation, when he admitted the legality of the marriage, and was discharged upon that warrant. He had not left the Courtroom when officer Phillips rearrested him on a warrant for bigamy, upon the complaint of Fanny Welch, his acknowledged wife. In the affidavit, she states that Mowry has a wife by a former marriage, living in Providence, and that she has heard read letters written by her to him; and also that Mowry has admitted to several persons, while denying the legality of the last marriage, that he had a wife living in another State. The counsel for Miss Welch have also letters from Mowry's father and brother, in which the first marriage is spoken of by them.

The parties appeared in Court, at Troy, on Tuesday, August 16. The *Whig* says:

"Mowry seemed deeply affected, upon entering the Court, and, while in conversation with his counsel, Mr. Willett—as we understood, in reference to a visit which the counsel had received from Mowry's father—shed tears freely."

Upon opening the Court, Counsellor Townsend moved his discharge, on the grounds:

1. That the marriage was legal and binding. The counsel cited various authorities going to show that no particular ceremonies were necessary in order to constitute marriage; that the mere consent of the parties was all that was required; that any person, without committing any offence, can officiate in solemnising a marriage; and that a marriage thus contracted is as legal and binding as though pronounced before a justice or clergyman. The counsel argued still further, that a mere assertion of the parties that they were husband wife, followed by cohabitation, constitute them man and wife in the eyes of the law.

2. In the second place, the counsel insisted that marrying under an assumed name is no offence under the statute, that there must be the personation of another, in order to constitute the offence. In this case there was no one personated; this young woman has been deceived in no particular, save the mere name; she knew his occupation and all about him. She remained with and cohabited with him, not only while thinking his name was Jones, but after she learned that his true name was Mowry.

The counsel quoted the case of Snook, who lately changed his name without order of the Court in the City of New York, and argues that under this decision the prisoner had a perfect right to assume the name of Jones, or any other name which he might see fit to use. The counsel closed by claiming his discharge.

The District Attorney, in response, admitted that the position of the counsel, in the main, might be correct, that if his Honor held as the defence argued, he (the District Attorney) would not quarrel with him to any extent. He intimated that should the prisoner be discharged, he would be arrested on another warrant, and would be punished as he deserved. Upon his concluding, the Court held that he could not hold the prisoner under the offence charged, and that he must be discharged. He was immediately rearrested by officer Philips, on a charge of bigamy.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 20, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, ETC.

A Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians, explanatory, Doctrinal, and Practical. With a series of Questions. By R. E. Patison, D.D., late President of Waterville College. 12mo., cloth. 85 cents. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Moral Philosophy. By Joseph Haven, D.D., author of "Mental Philosophy." Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The Messiahship; or, The Great Demonstration. By Walter Scott. Cincinnati: H. Bosworth.

Sermon and Address, on the Death of Hon. Rufus Choate. By Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D.D. Paper, flexible cloth, 25 cents. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

Job and the Prophets, translated from the Vulgate, and diligently compared with the original text, being a revised edition of the Douay version, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By Francis Patrick Kenrick, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore. Uniform with his "Four Gospels," "Acts of the Apostles," and "Book of Psalms." 1 large octavo vol., 800 pp. $3. Philadelphia: Kelly, Hedian & Piet.

MASONIC.

Masonic Jurisprudence. Illustrating the Written and Unwritten Laws of Freemasonry. By Dr. A. G. Mackey. New York: Robert Macoy.

The Rationale and Ethics of Freemasonry. By Aug. C. L. Arnold. 12mo., 300 pp., $1. New York: Robt. Macoy.

The Ancient Constitutions of 1723. By James Anderson, D.D. 12mo. 50 cents. New York: Robert Macoy.

TRAVELS, ETC.

Notes of a Clerical Furlough, Spent Chiefly in the Holy Land, with a Sketch of the Voyage Out in the Yacht "St. Ursula." By Rev. Robert Buchanan, D.D., Glasgow. 1 vol., 8vo., with eleven illustrations. $1 50. [Second Edition]. New York: Blackie & Son.

Forty-four Years of the Life of a Hunter; being Reminiscences of Meshack Browning, a Maryland Hunter, roughly written down by himself. Revised and Illustrated by Edward Stabler. 1 vol., 12mo., $1 25. Philadelphia: J. Lippincott & Co.

HISTORICAL.

American Constitutions. The American's Guide, comprising the Declaration of Independence; the Articles of Confederation; the Constitution of the United States; and the Constitutions of the several States composing the Union. 1 vol., 12mo., $1 25. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

Illustrated History of the War in Italy; embracing a description of the countries involved in the War, a geographical analysis of places of interest, personal sketches of prominent actors, origin and causes of the War, and a Complete History from its Commencement to its Close. Embellished with Maps and Engravings, fully illustrative of the Geography and scenes of exciting interest, with Portraits of Prominent actors in the War. By J. E. Tuel, author of "Astronomical Analysis," the "Crimean War," etc. $1 25. New York: J. G. Wells.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Ten Years of Preacher Life; or, Chapters from an Autobiography. By William Henry Milburn, author of "The Rifle, Axe and Saddlebags." 12mo., $1. New York: Derby & Jackson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Parlor Charades and Proverbs, intended for the Parlor or Saloon, and requiring no expensive apparatus of Scenery or Properties for their Performance. By S. Annie Frost. Cloth, $1; paper, 75cts. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

Glossary of Supposed Americanisms, collected by Alfred L. Elwyn, M.D. 1 vol., 12mo., 75cts. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

The Works of Philip Lindsay, D.D., Late President of the University of Nashville. In three volumes. Volume I., "Educational Discourses," just published. $2. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

Caloric; its Mechanical, Chemical, and Vital Agencies in the Phenomena of Nature. By Samuel L. Metcalf, M.D., of Transylvania University. 2 vols., 8vo., $5.

Black Diamonds Gathered in the Darkey Homes of the South. By Edward A. Pollard, of Virginia. 12mo., pp. 122. New York: Pudney & Russell.

The Illustrated Pilgrim Almanac, for 1860. Illustrated by Hammatt Billings. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, Editor. Astronomical Department by Professors Maury, of Washington, Mitchell, of Cincinnati, and John D. Runkle, of Cambridge. 4to., pp. 48. 25c. With illuminated cover. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

Knitting Work: A Web of Many Textures. By B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington). 1 vol., 12mo. $1 25. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase.

ENGLISH.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

Millicent Neville: a Novel. By Julia Tilt, author of "The Old Palace," "May Hamilton," etc. 2 vols., 21s. London: L. Booth.

False and True. By the Hon. Lena Eden, author of "Easton." 1 vol., post 8vo., 10s. 6d. London: L. Booth.

The Northumbrian Abbots: a Tale of the Seventh Century. By R. B. Werborton. 5s. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

A Life for a Life. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "A Woman's Thoughts About Women," etc. In 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Ladies and Leaders; or, Plots and Petticoats. A State Novel of 1859-60. By a Distinguished Writer. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

The Semi-Detached House. Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. Post 8vo., 10s. 6d. London: Richard Bentley.

ART.

The Turner Gallery. A Series of Sixty Engravings from the Works of the late J. M. W. Turner, R.A. With Descriptive Text, by Ralph Nicholson Wornum, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. London: J. S. Virtue.

RELIGIOUS.

Twenty Years in the Church: an Autobiography. By the Rev. J. Pycroft, B.A. London: L. Booth.

POETRY.

Poems. By L. Second Series. 4s. 6d. London: E. T. Whitfield.

Satan Restored: a Poem. By William Cyples. Post 8vo., 6s. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

MEDICAL.

The Causation and Prevention of Disease; with an Appendix, showing that the Sewerage of Towns may be employed as a Manure, without risk, or injury to Health. By John Parkin, M.D. 5s. London: Churchill.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Life and Theatrical Times of Charles Kean. By J. W. Cole. 2 vols., post 8vo., 21s., with two Portraits. London: Richard Bentley.

TRAVELS.

The Cruise of the Pearl Round the World, in 1857-8-9 With an Account of the Services of the Naval Brigade in India. By the Rev. E. A. Williams, M.A., Chaplain of the Pearl. London: Richard Bentley.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A History of the Oyster and the Oyster Fisheries. By T. C. Eyton, F.L.S., F.Z.S., etc. 8vo., with Six Plates, 5s. London: John Van Voorst.

The Story of Italy. By the author of "Mary Powell," "The Ladies of Bever Hollow," etc. In crown 8vo., 7s. 6d. London: Richard Bentley.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

A Life for a Life. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc., etc. 12mo., paper, pp. 147. 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Gerald Fitzgerald, "The Chevalier." A Novel. By Charles Lever, author of "Charles O'Malley," "Glencore," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "Sir Jasper Carew," "Maurice Tiernay," etc. Part II. 8vo., paper, 25 cts.; complete 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Rectory of Moreland; or, My Duty. $1. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

HISTORICAL.

History of France, from the Earliest Times to 1858. By the Rev. James White, author of the "Eighteen Christian Centuries." 1 vol. 8vo., $2. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The History of Herodotus. A new English version, edited with copious notes and appendices. By George Rawlinson, M.A., assisted by Col. Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., and Sir J. G. Wilkinson, F.R.S. With maps and illustrations. To be continued in 4 vols. Vol. 1, 8vo. $2 50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Recollections, by Samuel Rogers, of Personal Conversational Intercourse with Charles James Fox, Grattan, Porson, Horne Tooke, Talleyrand, Sir Walter Scott, Edmund Burke, Duke of Wellington, and others. With a preface by Samuel Rogers. Edited by Mr. Roger's nephew, Wm. Sharp. 1 vol., 12mo. 75 cts. Printed on tinted paper. Boston: Bartlett & Mills.

RELIGIOUS.

Theopneustia. The Bible: Its Divine Origin and Inspiration; deduced from Internal Evidence, and the testimonies of Nature, History, and Science. By L. Gaussen, D.D. New and revised edition, with analysis and Topical Index. 12mo., cloth, $1. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

TRAVELS, SKETCHES, ETC.

Life and Liberty in America; or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857-8. By Charles Mackay, LL.D., F.S.A. Ten illustrations. 12mo., muslin. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Popular Treatise on Gems, in reference to their scientific value; a guide for the teacher of natural sciences, the lapidary, jeweller, and amateur; together with a description of the elements of mineralogy, and all ornamental and architectural materials, with elegant illustrations, many finely colored. By L. Feuchtwanger, D.D. 1 thick vol., 12mo., pp. 664, cloth. $3. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Mississippi Bubble: A Memoir of John Law. By Adolph Thiers, author of "The Consulate and the Empire." To which are added Authentic Records of the Darien Expedition and the South Sea Schemes. Translated and edited by Frank S. Fiske. 12mo., pp. 348. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

The Sermons, Lectures, and Speeches, delivered by his Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster, during his tour in Ireland, in August and September, 1858, with his Lecture delivered in London on the "Impressions" of his Tour. Revised by his Eminence. With a Connecting Narrative. 12mo. pp. 372. New York: Patrick Donahoe.

A Select Glossary of English Words, used formerly in Senses different from the Present. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster, author of "The Study of Words," "English Past and Present," "The Lessons in Proverbs," "Synonyms of the New Testament," etc. 12mo., pp. 218. 75 cents. New York: J. S. Redfield.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

GOULD & LINCOLN, BOSTON.

The Puritans; or, The Court, Church, and Parliament of England, during the reign of Edward Sixth and Elizabeth. By Samuel Hopkins. 3 vols., 8vo. Vol. I. $2 50.

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